

# The Bismarck Tribune.

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NO. 9.

## TRIBUNE SPECIALS.

**Graphic Account of the Incidents of the Surrender of Sitting Bull.**

**The Noted Chief Places His Rifle in the Hands of His Six Year Old Son.**

**And Thus Presents it to Major Brotherton, Asking That He May Live in Peace.**

**Verbatim Report of the Speech of the Wily Warrior Telegraphed to Tribune Readers.**

**The Condition of the Growing Crops—Not Half An Average in Southern Minnesota.**

**Central Minnesota Equal to Other Years, and Brilliant Prospects For Dakota.**

**The Strike of the Railroad Men in Minneapolis Continues—Effect Upon the Great Mills.**

**Speech of Sitting Bull.**

*Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.*

FORT BUFORD, July 21.—The surrender of the noted chief continues to be the subject of interest here and in response to your telegram I hasten to telegraph you the incidents of yesterday when a council was held with Sitting Bull and his chiefs, in the course of which Major Brotherton made known to Sitting Bull the course which the

GOVERNMENT INTENDS TO PURSUE towards him and his tribe. The Major said he would join a large portion of his tribe at Fort Yates, and that so long as they were peaceable and behaved themselves they would be treated kindly and considerately.

Sitting Bull was accompanied by his son, six years old, and after surrendering his rifle to Major Brotherton, through the hands of the child, he said:

SPEECH BY SITTING BULL.

"I surrender this rifle to you through my youngest son, whom I desire to teach in this manner that he has become a friend of the Americans. I wish him to learn the habits of the whites, and to be educated as their sons are educated. I wish it to be remembered that I was the last man of my tribe to

SURRENDER MY RIFLE.

This boy has given it to you, and he now wants to know how he is going to make a living. Whatever you have to give or whatever you have to say, I would like to receive or hear it now, for I don't wish to be kept in darkness longer. I have sent several messengers in here from time to time, but none of them have returned with news. Other chiefs,

CROW KING AND GALL, have not wanted me to come, and I have never received good news from here. I now wish to be allowed to live this side of the line or the other as I see fit. I wish to continue my old life of hunting, but would like to be allowed to trade on BOTH SIDES OF THE LINE.

This is my country and I don't like to give it up."

He then said he would like to have his daughter, who is at Fort Yates, sent up to visit him, and that he wanted to get his people together again and

LIVE IN PEACE. After the council the Indians were given blankets and placed in charge of Capt. Clifford, who will look after them until they are sent to the Standing Rock agency.

## Crop Reports

*Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.*

MINNEAPOLIS, July 21.—Crop reports telegraphed to the Minneapolis Tribune, up to, and including this evening, from all parts of Minnesota and along the line of the North Pacific railroad in Dakota are summarized as follows:

In southeast Minnesota the crop has been seriously damaged by chinch bugs and rust, some of the fields being almost destroyed. The average of this section has been reduced one-half from these causes. In central Minnesota the crops

will be nearly up to the average. Along the line of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba road the reports are good and the harvest will be of average quantity and fine quality. Only the most favorable news comes from Dakota. In the Missouri, Jim and Red river valleys wheat looks magnificent, and the prospects are of the largest yield ever harvested. The grasshoppers did little harm, and have mostly left. Farmers all over this state are busy in harvesting barley and oats, which crops are excellent. The corn crop seems to be in an unusually fine condition, and will yield large returns. Most of the farmers will begin their wheat harvest next week.

## A Serious Strike.

*Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.*

MINNEAPOLIS, July 21.—The strike which occurred among the yard and switchmen in the Minneapolis & St. Louis yards a day or two ago still continues, and is getting to be a serious matter. The mills are all shutting down for lack of transportation for wheat and flour. Both parties continue to hold out. The switchmen demand \$55 per month and foremen \$65 per month of twenty-six days' work, of ten hours each, both to receive extra pay at the same rate for extra time. The railroad offer \$1.80 per day to switchmen and \$60 a month to foremen, but will allow no extra time.

## ELECTRIC SPARKS.

—The Garfield fund has reached \$152,000.

—Better than ever is reported in the President's case.

—Minneapolis has contributed nearly \$6,000 to the New Ulm sufferers.

—The iron trade advanced the price of bar iron yesterday one-tenth of a cent.

—The cut in railroad rates continues, and it is now cheaper to come West than it is to stay East.

—The factory and ware rooms of the Cincinnati coffin company burned Tuesday, with a loss of \$225,000.

—It is estimated that four hundred miles of railroad will be built in Wisconsin this year, against ninety miles in 1880.

—Shipments of wheat from Duluth during the week ending July 15: Elevator A, 18,559; elevator B, 65,205.20; total, 83,764.20.

—The contract for the construction of the road bed of the Hastings & Stillwater branch was let last evening to Wells, Harrison & Shute, of Milwaukee. Work will be commenced at once.

—The doctors now assert positively that if Garfield has a liver there is a bullet hole in it. The wound has been probed five and one-half inches, which settles a much disputed question.

—The number of persons left absolutely destitute by the New Ulm disaster is a little over one thousand, though there are many more who have lost heavily. The wounded are all doing well, and it is now believed that most of them will recover.

—B. E. Ryan, of St. Paul, a conductor on the east bound freight on the Sioux City road, was knocked off his train at 10:30 Wednesday night by a projecting timber while crossing the railroad bridge over the Watonwan river at Madelia. The injuries are fatal.

—Particulars of the cyclone at Winnebago City begin to be received. The storm was of unusual fury, and swept a track of several miles in length and a mile in width. It first struck the barn of F. Schoall, which was totally destroyed. Mr. Schoall was at the barn at the time trying to close the doors, when he was thrown to the ground, and struck in the back by flying timber, breaking three ribs from his backbone. His life was despaired of, but now it is expected that he will pull through. Other buildings were damaged, but no one killed.

Seaside item: "Tell me what it is, darling?" he said reassuringly, taking her hand and drawing closer. "Don't keep anything from me." "Oh! Eugene!" she blushing replied. "But there ought to be no secrets between us," he expostulated. "True love is the very spirit of confidence." "It's something I have been going to ask you for a long time." "Then let me know it now," he added ardently, with a tender pressure of her hand. "I will," she said, summoning up courage, "what is good for corns?"

Twine for cord-binders at W. H. Thustman & Co's.

## PRESS REPORT.

**A Little of it Very Late at Night [Comes Over the Eastern Wires.]**

**The Attending Physicians Still Continue to Announce the President As Improving.**

**At Albany There is Considerable Excitement, and Affairs Will Soon Come to a Crisis.**

**The Stalwarts Chargeable With Delaying An Election to Keep Robertson Out of Office.**

**Situation at Albany.**  
[The eastern lines were in working order so short a time last night that the TRIBUNE Albany special giving the result of the balloting in joint convention was not received. It is evident, however, from the following associated press telegram that there was no election, and that Lapham, the caucus nominee, received about the same vote as on the day before.]

ALBANY, July 21.—There is more activity at the hotels to-night than for several weeks. The half breeds and stalwarts are apparently greatly exercised. The stalwarts are demanding a caucus, and intimating that they will go as far as to vote for the nomination of Lapham. The half breeds stand firm against a caucus, but will not admit that they are responsible for the existence of the dead lock. They say it is only to put them in that position that the stalwarts are now clamoring for a caucus, and are claiming that had one been held at the commencement of the contest an election would have taken place the next day. The democrats are also considerably exercised. They know they can break the deadlock by simply enough remaining absent to allow the election of Lapham, but fear to do this, as it will render themselves liable to conclusions of having been bribed. Some of them think they ought to run that risk inasmuch as they think they are being made "tools" of by the stalwarts. They say the stalwarts while ostensibly demanding a caucus base their holding out on that ground, but their real object is to prevent Senator Robertson from taking the collectorship. They say to accomplish that, the stalwarts would stand out until the 31st of December next. The democrats are seriously considering whether they shall not break the dead lock, and appeal to the people to sustain, and at the same time relieve them, from any unjust suspicion.

**Official Bulletin.**  
WASHINGTON, July 21.—Executive Mansion, p. m.—The President has had another good day. At 1 p. m. his pulse was 92; temperature 98.4; respiration 19. At 7 p. m., pulse 97; temperature 99.9; respiration 19.  
[Signed] D. W. BLISS,  
J. K. BARNES,  
J. J. WOODWARD,  
ROBERT REYBURN.

**Auction Sale.**  
PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 21.—The first piece of the A. & W. Sprague property was sold at auction this afternoon under the direction of the trustee and committee of creditors. It was a wharf on Indiana street, and sold for \$20,000. Before the sale an announcement was made that all the property had been attached.

**Chicago Races.**  
CHICAGO, July 2.—The races were postponed on account of rain.

**There Is a Difference in Girls.**  
[New York Herald.]  
A London paper regrets that in some public places young ladies are not free from insolent, unwelcome attentions, and mentions a case where a young lady was embraced and kissed against her will. English girls sometimes call for the police. It is different in our west. A Wyoming girl met a bear on the highway, and it made demonstrations which caused her to fear that she was to be hugged. She made the first attack and the bear died.

At the Fourth of July celebration at Mitchell, White Ghost, chief of the Yanktonians, followed the orator of the day in a speech, in which he said: "Thirteen years ago my camp was at Firesteel, and we ran a herd of 5,000 buffalos right over the ground you now stand on."

**Troops for the Extension.**  
Special order No. 124, issued from headquarters department of Dakota, dated Fort Snelling, July 12, 1881, contains the following information of local interest:

"Major Lewis Merrill, Seventh cavalry, is charged with the control of the troops to be employed during the summer in protecting the operations of the North Pacific railroad company between the Little Missouri and the Tongue rivers. He will proceed to take temporary station at Camp Porter, but will move from point to point on the line of the railroad whenever he may find it advisable to do so. The troops which are placed at Major Merrill's disposal and under his command are the following, viz.:

The companies of infantry (A, Eleventh and B, Seventeenth,) now at Camp Porter, M. T. Troop F, Seventh cavalry (Capt. Bell), troop E, Second cavalry (Capt. Higgins), company I, Fifth infantry (Lieut. Borden commanding), and the battalion under Capt. Moylan, now on the Little Missouri river, consisting of troops A and G, Seventh cavalry, and company A, Twenty-fifth infantry.

The commanding officer, Cantonment, Bad Lands, will obey all instructions which he may receive from Major Merrill.

Capt. Moylan and Capt. Bell, Seventh Cavalry will report by letter to Major Merrill at Camp Porter. Captain Higgins and Lieutenant Borden, will continue to act under the order which they have received from the commanding officer at Fort Keogh until they shall have received orders from Major Merrill.

Major Merrill will make such disposition of the troops placed at his disposal as in his judgment will best accomplish the object of giving complete and thorough protection to the property of the railroad company, the men employed by it and the settlers along the line and in the vicinity of the road. He will promptly report to headquarters all action taken and all orders issued by him.

## Trouble for the North Pacific.

[Helena Independent.]  
Farmers on the Hell Gate are giving the North Pacific railroad considerable trouble. Thirteen of them recently refused to permit the graders to work on their farms. Commissioners were appointed to appraise the value of their lands and performed that duty. Three of the farmers have since made satisfactory arrangements with the company, but the remaining ten daily refuse the grading to proceed over their lands. These decline to make any terms, either with the commissioners or the company. If this thing continues the company will doubtless conclude that they have reached the entrance of the infernal regions or at least that the country is well named.

**The Largest Mill in the World.**  
The Pillsbury "A" the largest flouring mill in the world, is rapidly approaching completion in East Minneapolis. A few figures will give a better idea of the vastness of the structure than any written words. The mill is to be equipped with 200 grinding apparatuses, consisting of 180 rollers and 20 burs; it will convert into flour 100 car loads of wheat per day, requiring two trains per day to supply it with wheat and an equal number to haul off the flour. Twelve miles of belting will be necessary to run the machinery, and transmit the power obtained from the Falls to each department of the mighty structure. Three hundred men are actively employed putting on the finishing touches and it will be in readiness for this fall's crop.

**Everybody.**  
The high, the rich, the poor and the public generally. I wish to announce that there is no one in the Northwest, in my line of business, who handles as large an assortment of fine liquid goods, both foreign and domestic, as can be found at the Minnehaha, Bismarck.

C. R. WILLIAMS  
The western terminus of the Southern Minnesota division of the Milwaukee road is Madison, Lake county.

Ed. Gardner, one of the oldest settlers of Clay county, visited Sioux City circus day and took his first ride on a railroad.

Mr. Julien, of Morris, caught a large catfish last week, and on cleaning it discovered a hen's egg inside. The question now agitates some minds is how the egg came there. It could be easily answered if the truth was known.

## GLENDIVE GLEANINGS.

**Interesting Items Indicative of the Growth of the City on the Yellowstone.**

**Newsy Budget From the "Other End" Of the Missouri Division of the N. P.**

Hope S. Davis is erecting a frame drug store.

Nolan & Taylor are building a frame dwelling.

Douglas has commenced building a large two-story frame store.

There is a fine opening harness shop and for a hardware store.

Lots are selling rapidly, and confidence in the town is daily increasing.

Robert Pautel is building a frame dwelling, and expects his family next week.

Robert McKee is building a new hotel. The house is a ready made frame, and is of good size.

The steamboatmen have indulged in the usual strike, even the mate of the Batchelor joining in this time.

H. A. Bruns & Co., T. C. Kurtz, manager, have erected two enormous warehouses, and have them filled with goods.

Robinson & Gardner are entertaining about 150 people daily, and to accommodate them are making extensive improvements.

Bell has changed his establishment into an opera house, and has secured an excellent troupe, and is giving an entertainment every night.

Weeks & Prescott have put in a store front, put on a shingle roof and put down a floor, and the postoffice presents a decidedly neat appearance.

Good order is preserved, and yet since the town was started a few months ago, nine violent deaths have occurred. No one feels insecure, however, and yet a row could be found if one were to hunt for it, almost any time.

Since the railroad commenced work Glendive is booming. When the TRIBUNE correspondent was in town last week there was not a shingle roof or a building having a floor in the city. Since then carpenters and lumber have come in, and the improvement is simply wonderful.

Work has commenced on the river and city warehouses. The railroad company have about forty carpenters at work. The water tank is completed. Over four thousand tons of freight have already arrived, and the steamers are now making regular trips to Miles City. There is a lack of river transportation, however, and there is likely to be an immense amount of work for teams later in the season.

**Extension Notes.**  
A telegraph station has been established at Powder river.

Rattlesnake Johnson is the name of the devil in the Yellowstone Journal office.

Eighteen hours from Glendive is the time now being made by the Keogh stages.

The Yellowstone is falling fast, and unbusiness is felt least the freight for Miles City and other up river points will not all get through.

John Smith, of the celebrated Cottage Station, Miles City, is having manufactured for him in the east an elegant championship billiard cue, which he will give to the best player. This magnificent cue cost \$75.

The Yellowstone Journal has the following: "O. H. Morgan and Mrs. Armstrong were murdered June 29th in their cabin at the mouth of the Muddy, on the Missouri, and the cabin was then burned with their bodies inside. Two little daughters of Mrs. Armstrong, the oldest twelve years of age, escaped from the cabin and hid in the bushes until the murderer was gone. It is supposed that the motive of the horrible crime was robbery, as the parties were reputed to have considerable cash at the cabin, and were quite wealthy in cattle. The murderer has been lynched."

Over 250,000 acres of government land were entered at Grand Forks land office in May and June.

Considerable new wheat is reaching Yankton, says the Press of the 15th. It brings from 70 to 80 cents, according to quality.

IMPERFECT PAGE

Imperfect Page



ALL signs portend that the price of wheat will be well maintained the coming season. Every precaution should be taken to make it of the highest grade.

THE death-rate record is mounting up with the thermometer in eastern and southern cities. On several days the mercury was reported as high as 100 above zero.

SECRETARY BLAINE says there are 1,000, 000 applications for office on file in Washington. It would be a sensible thing to burn all of those received previous to the coming of the present administration, and to make room for those to come.

RECENT decisions of the District and Supreme courts of Minnesota, and of the United States Circuit court, are decidedly in favor of the people in regard to responsibility for railroad accidents, and will serve a good purpose in making railroad corporations more careful of the lives of patrons, and employees.

BUSINESS failures for the first six months of 1881 in number amount to 2,862 as compared with 2,497 in first half of 1880, and 4,018 in 1879. The liabilities for the first half are stated to be forty millions of dollars compared with thirty-three millions in first six months of 1880, and sixty-five millions in 1879.

THE following utterance of Gen. Garfield, which quieted a raging mob in New York on the day after Lincoln's assassination, is especially pertinent to the present situation: "Fellow citizens: Clouds and darkness are round about Him. His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne! Fellow citizens, God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives."

THE Supreme Court of Wisconsin has just decided that speculative dealings in grain, in which there is no intention to deliver on one hand, and receive and pay for on the other, are unlawful and clearly come within the part of the statute forbidding gambling and betting. This class of transactions constitute the principal business of the various boards of trade, and the court will not enforce contracts of the kind referred to in the suit.

THE number of casualties on the Fourth of July was much less than usual. The deaths were at the minimum owing in a great degree to the virtual suspension of dangerous amusements, on account of the great national misfortune at Washington. Extensive preparations had been made to celebrate in every direction, but all demonstrations were abandoned with patriotic unanimity on learning that the president of the nation had been stricken down by the bullet of an assassin.

THE unprecedented immigration from foreign countries this year has caused the presentation at the east of the other side of the question, and points are made that this nation has reached a period in its growth where its policy should be to preserve its heritage for coming generations, and not to donate it to all the strangers we can induce to come among us; that no greater fallacy was ever launched than the doctrine that the value of immigration to a nation can under all circumstances be measured by money. It is argued with force that the effect of vast and indiscriminate immigration, is to deprive our own immediate descendants of the advantage enjoyed by ourselves, to compel them to compete with labor thus introduced on unequal terms, to concentrate more and more the wealth in the hands of a few, to widen the gulf already too broad between the workmen and the capitalist, to reduce the numbers and importance of the independent yeomanry that are the real strength of every people, and to multiply the wretched slaves of our great commercial and manufacturing centres.

COLONEL MITCHELL of Hancock's staff had seen a great deal of active and dangerous service. He had been under fearful fire of shot and shell in the bloodiest engagements of the war, and in all respects was a model soldier, emulating on every field the gallantry of his chief. Vacancy after vacancy had been filled under previous administrations, and other officers of inferior rank and vastly inferior records advanced. Col. Mitchell was deserving of promotion, and General Hancock, knowing it, asked the president to confer it. This Mr. Garfield has promptly done, and it is more than probable that the two men know one another a great deal better than they did a few months ago, and are all the better for the knowledge. It is a little more of this sort of courtesy that the people would like to see in politics as well as official circles. By a singular coincidence the last letter written by President Garfield was to Gen. Hancock informing him of the promotion of Colonel Mitchell. It was dated Friday, was friendly and pleasant in tone, and could not have but pleased the recipient. The letter informed General Hancock that Colonel Mitchell had been appointed Assistant Adjutant General of the Army, and after apologizing for depriving the General's staff of an excellent officer, concluded: "While your staff, General, loses an ornament, the army gains an Assistant Adjutant General of whom it may well feel proud."

## CURRENT NEWS.

## RAILROADS.

It is announced by Col Newport, auditor of the Northern Pacific, that the suits against Messrs. Power and Kindred are to be prosecuted vigorously by the Northern Pacific company.

Gen. Herman Haupt, president of the Little Falls & Dakota Railroad company, has filed a certificate in the office of the secretary of state of Minnesota that at a meeting of the board of directors of said company, held on July 4, article 4 of the articles of incorporation had been amended so as to make the highest amount of indebtedness or liability to which the said incorporation shall at any time be subject shall not exceed \$20,000 for each mile of its line and branches.

Sheriff Bartelson has served on De Graff & Co., contractors for the Ferguson & Black Hills road in the Pelican Valley, a temporary injunction issued by the district court upon the application of the Manitoba company. The defendant company claims that they surveyed and started their line last fall prior to the beginning of operations by the Manitoba company; that they had secured the right of way for nearly the full line; that they had commenced proceedings to condemn the balance.

## WEEKLY RECORD OF CRIMES.

There are no decisive developments in the Durand tragedy. The pursuing party, now swelled to 100 well armed men, is still on the war path, patrolling the country.

D. H. C. Buck, of Wapaccas, was attacked by highwaymen near Chisholm, Monroe county, Wis., severely beaten and robbed of \$1,800 and a gold watch. There is no clue to the robbers.

At M. nama, near Wapaccas, Wis., a shoemaker named Henry Braumner was set upon by three river men from Oakshosh, one named J. O'Brien, one John Vanturner and the other unknown, and was wounded and kicked to death. O'Brien pounded Braumner's head to a jelly with stones, and the rivermen, who had helms in their boots, jammed them into their defenceless victim all over his body. The murder began by a fight started by O'Brien.

The Chicago Daily News says that the wife of Dr. Strosky died recently, and the doctor applied for a burial permit on certificate that she died of edema of the lungs, and some questions aroused suspicions that she had died on account of an overdose of chloroform administered by her husband, and that he had exulted from her statement, which it is said, he has in his possession, that she had committed suicide. It is said the couple lived unhappily.

The steamer City of New Orleans arrived at New York having on board Quisepo Espoto alias Radozzo, the noted Italian brigand who escaped from his native country some years ago, and has since been living in New Orleans, where he was recently captured at instance of the Italian consul. He is charged with a terrible catalogue of crimes. He was chief of a band of robbers who infested the island of Sicily and especially the neighborhood of Palermo, robbing, murdering, and holding captured travelers for ransom.

A robbery of surprising audacity was committed in New York on Friday. Charles Messersmidt, a clerk in the employ of Jacob Ruber's brewery, drove in a light wagon from the brewery at Ninety-second street and Thirtieth avenue down to deposit some money in the German & Nassau bank. With him in the wagon was G. A. Kerlan, office boy. They carried \$9,300 in bills done up in a package and a bag filled with silver dollars. At forty-seventh street their wagon was run into by a vendor's wagon in which three robbers were seated. The robbers were all masked and brandished pistols. One jumped into the wagon collared Messersmidt, holding a pistol to his head. Another robbed Kerlan of the package of bills and silver, but dropped the latter as it was too heavy. Checks to the amount of \$4,400, which Messersmidt carried in his pocket, were not touched. The thieves drove furiously down Lexington avenue, and at Thirty-eighth street turned into Third avenue and disappeared.

## FIRES AND OTHER CASUALTIES.

At Leadville, John D. Jones, a miner, fell into a 200 foot shaft in the Denver City mine, resulting in instant death.

At Rockfort, Ill., Willie Cain, aged ten, was drowned by Ralph B. Richards and Edward S. Grass, aged fourteen and eleven years, to whom he refused to give up twenty-five cents.

Baltimore special: Within the past few days eight children have died of lockjaw, superinduced by what appeared to be trifling burns caused by discharging paper caps on toy pistols. Three fatal cases of lockjaw were reported. In each instance death was preceded by most agonizing sufferings.

The whaler Thomas Pope (Capt. Millard) arrived at San Francisco from the Arctic regions. She left the strait June 21. The day before leaving she spoke to the whaler Progress, Capt. Baker, and from her learned that the Indians near East Cape had found the two missing whales. Vigilant and Mount Wollaston. They found three corpses only on board the Vigilant. From their appearance it was evident that they had died in the first year of their captivity in the ice.

The body of L. K. Pugh, son of ex-Senator Pugh, has been found by Scout Mix near Chisholm, Chisholm, horribly mutilated. He was tortured to death in a terrible manner, and after death, three shots were fired into his body. A paper was found on the road near the place where Pugh was captured. The paper bears these words: "The finder of this is entitled to \$100 on delivering it to Marnon & Co., Chisholm. I am a prisoner among the Indians. Do what you can for me."

## NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

The treasury is shipping, principally to southern banks, a large amount of silver dollars.

Under the new appropriation for the fiscal year of 1882, now available, Dr. Loring, the new commissioner of agriculture, will make many improvements to bring the department of which he is the head to the standard of efficiency.

Col. J. S. Mosby, consul general at Hong Kong, has no intention, it is said, of returning home at an early date, as heretofore reported, but will remain in his post for the present. It is also said that President Garfield was largely instrumental in Mosby's appointment to his present position.

Senator M. C. Butler of South Carolina has arrived with Gen. P. M. B. Young of Georgia, from a visit to Gen. Booser in Minnesota. They have traveled far and wide over the state, and seem to have enjoyed themselves immensely. The senator is tanned to the color of an Indian. He expresses himself in the warmest terms of the resources of Minnesota and the industry and thrift of the people.

Senator Conkling was in Washington Thursday and in the morning he drove out with Mr. Jones, who is still sick, and called at the White House. He inquired as to the president's condition and expressed profound satisfaction at the announcement of the physicians that they had reason to believe the patient was practically out of danger, and was doing as well as could be hoped.

Commander Henry Glass, commanding the United States steamer Jamestown at Sitka, Alaska, has forwarded to the navy department a long and interesting report upon the condition of affairs in that territory. He says the Indians are everywhere quiet. An industrial school for boys has been established at Sitka under the auspices of the Presbyterian board of missions, New York. Twenty Indian boys selected for their intelligence and good conduct are in attendance. The number will be increased from time to time from boys of other tribes of Alaska.

It is intended to teach the scholars that they may in turn become teachers among different tribes.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

Agents from Colorado are at Castle Garden obtaining 500 farm laborers. Gould and others interested in Texas are offering emigrants tickets from New York to that state at \$25.

The finance committee of the North American Sanitary committee at Chicago reported receipts \$53,000, expenses \$1,000. The expenses of visiting associations having been paid out of receipts. This is considered a very satisfactory result.

Several deaths are reported in New York from lockjaw occasioned by explosions of toy pistols in the hands of youths on the Fourth of July. Baltimore reports fifteen persons dead from the same cause and three more sure to die. In towns all about here the toy pistol did its deadly work.

Miss Williams, the finest and most accomplished equestrienne in England, who comes out to ranch our American equestrian champions, sails from Liverpool on the steamship Wyoming on Saturday, July 30th, and will probably reach Minneapolis about the 10th to 12 day of August, when she will go into the most rigorous training for her great contest with Miss Belle Cooke.

Justice Nathan Clifford, of the United States supreme bench, is reported to be dying at Portland, Me. For more than a year he has been physically and mentally incapable of discharging the duties of his position. Old age and physical infirmities have crept upon him, but though recognizing his failings he has steadfastly refused to resign his position, in the confident hope that he would soon be able to discharge its duties.

A letter from Westminster, Carroll county, Md., says Robert Bell (colored) died, aged somewhere in the eighties. His life was known to have been insured in a large aggregate sum, and his death and insurance policies were the chief topics of conversation. Quite a number are interested in the policies, and the whole amount is said to be over \$200,000. It is said that \$175,000 had been taken on his life in the past two or three weeks, one evincing investing \$55,000.

The firm of T. G. Thomas & Co., general merchants of El Paso, Pierce county, Wis., seven or eight miles southwest from River Falls, have been closed up by their creditors. The exact state of affairs has not yet been developed, but it is known to warrant the fear that it is a failure. The first claim filed against the firm was that of Thos. Hurley of El Paso for rent, amounting to upwards of \$1,000. This was followed by that of Averbach, Finch & Van Slyke of St. Paul for \$500, and by Conkling Bros. & Co. of Minneapolis for \$400. Others will no doubt follow.

One of the most notable weddings that has occurred in Milwaukee for some time took place at St. Gall's church on the 13th. The contracting parties were Miss Estella E. Dunbar, of Waukegan, and L. Huffer, Jr., of Paris, France. The bridal party and a large number of friends arrived by special trains at the Plankinton house from Waukegan. The other trains brought a still greater number of guests to witness the wedding of Waukegan's favorite daughter, Miss Dunbar is a daughter of the founder of Waukegan, and the discoverer of its medicinal waters, and Mr. Huffer is a Parisian of great wealth.

## FOREIGN FLASHES.

In the house of commons the speaker read Bradlaugh's letter stating his disregard of the house expelling him. The speaker informed the house that he had given the order to have its resolutions of May 10th obeyed, which was that Bradlaugh be excluded from the precincts of the house until he promised not to further disturb its proceedings.

The London Morning Post prints the following prominently: "We have reason to believe that in the course of a few days France intends to mobilize 120,000 men and ask the chancellor for credits for the dispatch and employment of troops for three months. This extraordinary step is based upon the necessity of immediately securing tranquility and safety in the French possessions in northern Africa. Bartholomew St. Hilaire, minister of foreign affairs, will address the representatives of the powers, explaining the motives of the movement, giving them to understand that France is prepared to take whatever further measures may be deemed requisite for the protection of her interests whenever menaced."

A London, Ont., dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer says: After years of patient searching, and the difficulties which poverty has raised, a workman in the Great Western railroad car shops in this city has traced up what seems to be an indisputable claim. It will be remembered that some years ago the earl of Mar died without leaving a direct heir to his immense estate; and by right of succession a nephew, Lord Kellie, assumed the title and property of the dead nobleman, valued at \$100,000,000. Now, however, it has been discovered that the earl had a son, and that son is believed to be John Francis Eriskine of this city.

## The President's Condition.

MONDAY, JULY 11.  
In the early part of the day the president's fever increased and his temperature to 102 degrees. Death almost always follows an increase of temperature to 102 degrees, and consequently the temperature lowered to the usual figure, and other symptoms were more favorable.

TUESDAY JULY 12.  
At 7 o'clock the president was awake and ready for his milk and rum, and Private Secretary Brown sent a special bulletin to members of the cabinet stating that the fever had passed away and that the president's condition was much improved. Later in the afternoon the fever rose and the temperature to 102.4, occasioning some alarm, but during the evening his condition improved. There is evidently a growing fear of a fatal result.

WEDNESDAY JULY 13th.  
To-day has been looked forward to with some anxiety, for it was said that the danger of secondary hemorrhage operation of the period would probably end at the expiration of the period now elapsed. The patient was therefore watched with more than ordinary scrutiny, and his condition to-night gives his friends cause for increased hope of his recovery.

Secretary Blaine said in conversation that the bulletins could be taken in perfect confidence, and that the president's recovery might be considered almost removed from any question of uncertainty, as was indicated by his dispatch to-day to Minister Lowell. Mr. Blaine has now most perfect confidence in the president's recovery.

THURSDAY, JULY 14.  
The best day since the wound. His regular afternoon fever was lighter than ever before. He inspired very freely during the day, and that fact is another evidence that the fever is breaking. The president has taken more solid food than in any corresponding number of hours heretofore, and has eaten it with relish. He has suffered no pain when moved or in bed, and his wound, and continues bright and cheerful. Being asked whether any serious unfavorable symptoms are likely to appear now that the crisis has passed, Dr. Beysburn said: "I should not like to promise an uninterrupted and unvarying course of improvement, but at the same time I may say there is at present every prospect of the president's recovery."

FRIDAY, JULY 15.  
The attending physicians practically admit that the president is out of danger and that if no unfavorable development takes place he will soon have recovered sufficiently to transact the necessary executive business, in so far as assigning papers and the execution of routine duty is concerned.

Ex-Senator Conkling's campaign.  
On the 11th a vote was taken for each vacancy with no result. Rumors were current

that Mr. Conkling would withdraw and that Latham and Miller will be elected.

On Tuesday, July 12th, the ballots showed no special change. Negotiations are still in progress for a compromise.

On Wednesday 13th, a ballot but no choice. The democrats threaten to force an adjournment, and give the stalwarts the choice of joining them or allowing the election of administration candidates. The end would seem to be nigh.

On the 14th the Assembly voted to adjourn Saturday by a vote of 62 to 61. The stalwarts say there will be neither an election or adjournment this week. The half-breeds claim both. The democrats say there will be an adjournment whether there is an election or not.

On the 15th there was a ballot, and no choice, but plenty of indications that the end is at hand.

## A TERRIBLE CRASH.

In the Shape of Runaway Freight Cars, Which Collided With an Almost Immovable Train at Hudson—An Engineer Killed—Loss of Property \$50,000.

On Sunday morning, about 10 o'clock, a wild freight train containing forty-three cars and two large engines left the North Hudson, Wis., depot, bound eastward, with Frank Fowler as conductor, Mike Sullivan and John Griggs as engineers, and the usual number of other attendants. When something like a mile and a half beyond North Wisconsin junction, which is about four and a half miles out from the city, the train was stopped to wood up, when started up one of the links broke, and fourteen of the rear cars started back on the steep grade of nearly eighty feet to the mile, and gained such velocity as to make recapture impossible. The sudden train, bearing death and ruin in its track, was seen to dash down on to the high bridge which crosses Willow river, like a wild demon of destruction. To add to the awfulness of the situation, another wild freight train, containing two fine, powerful engines, followed by forty-five cars, lay at the depot, about ready to start on its eastern-bound journey. There was but an instant for the runaway was seen upon the bridge, before it was upon them, not more than forty-five seconds at the longest, as full judges of speed say she was going at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The crowd, who happened to be standing at the station, yelled to the firemen and engineers, "Jump, jump for your lives!" They all jumped just in the nick of time. But poor George Trider, who either becoming dazed or thinking he might beat his train and clear the way, stuck to his engine until the very instant of the collision, when he jumped through one of the cab windows, only to be struck dead by the flying pieces of broken cars.

The collision was terrible in the extreme. Think of two mammoth engines, backed by forty-five freight cars, as a resistance, met by fourteen loaded freights traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour as a propelling force, and the facts in the case can be in a measure comprehended. The telescoping took place a couple of rods below the depot from whence locomotives went, and the contents were propelled in one shattered mass opposite Comstock, Clark & Co's large mill. The loss is estimated at \$50,000.

Master Mechanic Ellis and his brother saw the wild cars coming and ran across the trestle to warn the men on the freight train to save themselves. All the men on the engines understood the warning and jumped, but Trider did not seem to at first comprehend why he should leave his engine. When he did realize what was the matter he reversed his engine in order to run the train back out of the way of the swiftly approaching cars. A moment later and the collision came.

Trider was on the forward engine of the freight train as the caboose of the wild train struck it and split in two. A portion of the car struck him in the forehead, smashing it in, crushing in his chest and breaking his arms and legs. He was horribly mutilated and death was instantaneous. Mr. Trider was a native of Nova Scotia, had been an engineer on the Omaha and Manitoba road, and has a son who is an engineer on the Manitoba.

## FATAL CASUALTIES.

A Furious Tornado in Swift County, Minnesota—Destroys Several Lives and Numerous Farm Buildings.

On Monday last there was a terrific tornado in Swift county, which left a track of rain in its narrow course.

The first house in the track of the tempest was that of Wesley Havener, who lives on the west bank of the Pomme de Terre river, in Moyer. It tore down over the hill west of him and leveling the trees around his house, prostrated it in an instant, throwing himself and family out of doors and leaving them bruised, drenched, homeless and bereft of everything except the clothing on their bodies. They have suffered some very severe injuries, but none of them dangerous. Four out of five horses were killed. Next a bridge 40 feet long, lifted it from its foundations and then dropped it 4 rods away. After taking several smaller buildings and tearing them to pieces. Next came the stone building of Mrs. Geo. R. Truen, in which she lived and kept store and produce. She and her children and T. B. Boyle, her clerk, stayed in the house until the windows blew in, when they ran out and lay in the grass. They had scarcely got out when the building was blown to pieces, and with all its contents was scattered all over the prairie.

The house of Henry Miller was destroyed and inmates injured; also the house of George Kepner, the church of the United Brethren and many other small structures. A German named Freig, and one child were killed by the storm.

## Maud S. Beats Her Own Record.

At Pittsburg on the 13th Maud S. was speeded against time for a purse of \$2,500. She lowered her record a quarter second and trotted the fastest mile ever made. First quarter 33 seconds, second quarter 1:05 1-2, third quarter 1:37 1-2, mile 2:10 1-2. Her movement was perfect, and the applause was simply deafening. If the track had been in first-class order, it is believed the mare would have showed up 2:09. She did the third quarter in a 2:07 gait.

## Ohio Democratic Nominations.

The Ohio democratic state convention met at Columbus on the 13th. The names of J. Mil W. Brookwater, of Springfield, Jesse J. Miller, John Fuller, of Cincinnati, Hon. Geo. W. Geddes, of Mansfield, Col. Geo. M. Jewell of Caneyville, Hon. Henry B. Banning of Cincinnati, Judge L. D. Thomas of Youngstown, and Thos. Cook of Cincinnati, were presented for governor, and varied applause and demonstrations.

The full ticket nominated is as follows:  
For Governor—John W. Brookwater of Springfield.

Lieutenant Governor—Edgar M. Johnson of Cincinnati.

Supreme Judge—E. F. Bingham, of Franklin.

State Treasurer—A. F. Winslow, of Cleveland.

Attorney General—Frank C. Dougherty of Highland county.

Public Works—John Crowe of Defiance.

John Thompson was elected chairman of the state central committee.

There was quite a row in the Blue Light Colored Tabernacle, between Uncle Mose and Deacon Gabe Snodgrass. "You is the biggest black rascal in Austin," said Deacon Snodgrass. "You is a heap bigger one," responded Uncle Mose, placing his hand on the ivory handle of his umbrella. "Bred-deren," said Deacon Snodgrass, "you talk as if dar was nobody else present 'cept 'erself."

## Jazz Siftings.

## TERRIBLY TORRID WEATHER.

The Hottest Ever Known in Some Localities—Fearful Mortality Therefrom.

Last Sunday was the hottest day of the season in some parts of the country. In Chicago the deaths from sun-stroke and from other diseases brought on by the heat amounted to 360.

At St. Louis the mercury was at 97 and three fatal sun-strokes are reported.

At Dayton, O., the thermometer reached the highest point, recording 103 degrees. Seven fatal cases of sunstroke are reported, among them Dr. Wm. T. Rive, a prominent German homeopathic physician.

At Pittsburg the mercury was at 102, which is the highest point since the signal service was established nine years ago. Eight cases of sunstroke are reported and twenty prostrations. At Cincinnati the mercury was from 103 to 110, the greatest on record. The coroner was called to thirteen cases of death, all being congestion of the brain, supposed to be superinduced by excessive heat. Twelve sunstrokes, none fatal, were reported up to midnight. There were six cases in Covington; four of them fatal.

In St. Louis, Sunday was the hottest day of which any record exists.

Prof. Keibbon, of Washington university, gives readings of a thermometer absolutely sheltered from the heated air radiated heat at 10 and 103, and says with the exception of July 21, 1880 when the mercury reached 103, and 105 at 2:30 p. m., this has been the hottest day in thirty-six years. The whole week was intensely hot and business partially suspended. Many horses have died from heat. Thirty-eight cases of prostration by heat are reported since Friday, twenty three of which were fatal. Eight of the deaths occurred Sunday. The mortality last week footed up 250, an increase of twelve over the previous week and over the corresponding week last year.

## Miscellaneous Matter.

The census of Ireland shows a population of 5,159,849, being a decrease of 252,538 since 1871. The population is composed of 2,522,804 males and 2,637,035 females. The decline of the last three years was spread over all the counties except three.

A practical joke was recently played at Salisbury, England, upon two of the cathedral dignitaries—a chancellor and an archdeacon. A letter, apparently in a lady's hand writing, was sent round to various persons, inviting them to lunch with the archdeacon, and tradesmen were honored with sundry orders, which were obeyed; in one instance three tons of coals were duly delivered. A boys' school was among the visitors invited.

The depths of the deepest coal-shafts in the vicinity of La Salle, Ill., are given as follows: Caledonia, 566 feet; Oglesby, 465; Illinois Valley, two shafts, 440 and 290 feet; North Illinois C. & I. company, three shafts, 400, 450, and 240 feet; Hegeler's, 300 feet. Decatur boasts of a shaft 608 feet in depth, the deepest in the state.

"A Sufferer" writes to the London Times: "I have just returned from a two months' tour in Italy, and made every inquiry, not of persons interested in keeping up the delusion that Rome is a healthy place and found that it had been the most pestilential season for the last twenty years; and at nearly every place I stopped at, notably on the lakes, I came across people trying to shake off the fever they had caught at Rome. That the employees of any hotel are forbidden to speak of a case of fever on pain of instant dismissal is the rule."

There is plenty of hurrah in Boston over the project of a world's fair, but R. M. Pulsifer, president of the commission, speaks coolly, as follows: "There are always men enough to shout and throw up their caps for a grand idea who cannot be depended upon to do anything else. The world's fair in Boston involves not only liberality in subsidizing, but hard work, drudgery, patience under criticism, with not many thanks for faithful service. We should not dare to estimate the amount needed at less than \$5,000,000. To raise that amount of money would require something more than good wishes and hopeful guesses."

Among semi-civilized people, the census is regarded with suspicion. From the earliest ages, when kings or rulers numbered the people, they did it either with a view to taxing them or drafting them for war. Naturally the people considered the appearance of a census-taker objectionable, and quite recently a tribe in India, the Santals, revolted on the occasion of a visit from the professional enumerators. The North American Indian objected in a like manner to efforts made to ascertain their numbers, and so, to spare their feelings, as an ordinary census paper would be an annoyance to them, willow wand were notched to show the number of inhabitants in each wigwam, the children being indicated by slight twigs.

There can certainly be no pleasanter moment in a clergyman's life than when he utters the talismanic word "Finally." At the sound of that word the most restless of his congregation open their eyes and betray unaffected interest, and all straighten up, with eyes riveted on the speaker. It is not strange that the preacher, having at last gained the attention of all, should talk on for another half-hour. There is Parson Smith, for instance, who brings in his "finally" as often as his hearers show symptoms of uneasiness, which is quite often, always with telling effect. Sometimes he has recourse to the word several times during a discourse.

## Anti-Fat Matter.

For those persons whose *embonpoint* is a matter of soliloquy, whether because it is uncomfortable or unfashionable, the following diet is proposed:

You May Eat—Lean mutton and beef, real and lamb, soups not thickened, beef tea and broth; poultry, game, fish, and eggs; bread in moderation; greens, cress, lettuce, etc.; green peas, cabbage, cauliflower, onions; fresh fruit without sugar.

You May Not Eat—Fat meat, bacon, or ham, butter, cream, sugar, potatoes, carrots, parsnips, rice, sago, tapioca, macaroni, custard, pastry and puddings, sweet cakes.

You May Drink—Tea, coffee, cocoa from nibs, with milk, but no sugar; dry wines in moderation; brandy, whiskey, and gin in moderation without sugar; light, bitter beer, soda, and seltzer water.

You May Not Drink—Milk, except sparingly; porter and stout, sweet ales, sweet wines. As a rule, alcoholic liquors should be taken sparingly, and never without food.

The number of postoffices in the United States is 44,490; of which 2,894 were established during the fiscal year just closed. During the same period 1,408 offices were discontinued. Some 10,441 postmasters were made happy by receiving commissions during the year.



## JUST FOR A LARK.

A large, light, airy trimming hall in the straw-works of Cushing & Co., Milford, Mass., where fifty nimble-fingered girls sat trimming hats in black, white and fancy straw which are piled up before each on the long, low desks.

Half of the girls are natives of Milford, Pretty, lady-like and well-dressed, they have little of the air and manner of the traditional shop girl. Most of them have pleasant homes, but prefer to earn their own spending money.

Lottie Richards, a high school graduate six months ago, pretty, piquant and mischievous, comes from the office with a dozen dainty white lace straw hats labelled "Artist," and takes her seat amid the clique of which she is an important factor.

"Aren't these lovely, nobby, something like artists' hats? Those rough-and-ready ones in green, yellow and brown straw that we trimmed yesterday were horrors. I should think they would give an artist the nightmare to look at them, much less wear them."

"Oh, my! they are too sweet for anything!" exclaimed Ella Moore, perching one on her brown head. "The artist who wears this ought to be tall and handsome, with long flowing hair, soft, dreamy eyes, and white, slender hands."

"If he's much of an artist, he'll have hard work to keep them white," laughed Julia Banks, who had dabbled some in crayon and water colors.

"Mr. Harley was just such a person," said Lottie. "You know I told you about him when I came back from Old Orchard last summer. I never could bear him, he was just such a foppish, conceited thing."

"Wouldn't it be funny if you should meet one of these hats down there this summer?" laughed Julia.

"Wouldn't it?" Lottie flashed back, as she threaded her needle and commenced to band one with black satin ribbon.

"You ought to put a private mark upon some of them, so that if you ever saw one you could claim it," suggested Ella.

"And its owner, too," supplemented Julia.

"Tell me something to put on, and I declare I'll do it," Lottie said, entering fairly into the spirit of the thing.

"Write something and put it inside the lining," suggested Dora Swift.

"Yes, do, do!" chorused the rest.

"Splendid, girls! What shall it be?" exclaimed Lottie, as she adjusted the purple satin tip which bore "Artist" in golden capitals, and began sewing down the soft silk lining.

"Poetry," said Ella.

"Say that you want the owner of the hat for a husband and sign your name to it," said Dora Swift, with girlish audacity.

"Yes, do!" exclaimed the others. "You may lay the foundation of a capital adventure."

"I will!" said Lottie, the spirit of mischief taking possession of her. On a small square of white paper she wrote in pencil:

"If the owner hereafter of this hat is good-looking, agreeable, intellectual and has small feet and hands, the trimmer of said hat, Lottie Richards, would like to have him for a husband."

L. R. M. Mass.

"There, girls," as it was passed round from one to the other, "that is rather strong, I think, but here goes," Lottie said gaily, as after banding her hat she laid the paper smoothly between the satin tip and the crown and sewed down the lining neatly.

"You must do that one extra nice," said Ella.

"Yes, your destiny may hang upon that hat," said Dora, in mock solemn tones.

"I hope I'll have some fun out of it, anyway," said Lottie. "If I get into trouble it will be your fault, girls, for I should never have thought of it out for you."

"What trouble can you get in?" asked Ella, arching her eyebrows.

"She has given her hat a dress; perhaps she'll come here to find her," said Dora.

"Wouldn't it be fun if he should?" exclaimed Julia. "But how is anyone to find it, hid away in there?"

"Oh! we must trust to luck for the lining to get torn out in some way," laughed Ella.

The little matter settled, the girls hurried to make up for lost time. Lottie's nimble fingers flew, and a dainty flush stole into her tan cheeks as she thought of the little flatteries and compliments of which she was the recipient last summer, and how she must earn lots of money to buy things to make her look pretty the coming season in the eyes of the summer guests who boarded in her aunt's cozy home at Old Orchard.

We give an extract from a letter written from Lottie to the three months later:

"Don't you think, Ella, a gentleman came yesterday and took Aunt's chamber, two flights up, and if he didn't come out to-day in a white lace hat just like those we trimmed last spring—even to the purple satin tips and pink lining? My fingers are itching to get hold of it, but of course it is absurd to think that, among the thousands of lace hats sold, he should buy the one with my silly note in it. I should feel pretty cheap to have him get hold of it. He has the keenest pair of blue eyes I ever saw—not a bit dreamy, like the ideal artist who was to wear it, and he's awfully old—thirty at least, so of course, I couldn't fall in love with him. Aunt thinks he's handsome. I don't. He goes sketching every day, and has some lovely pictures in his room."

"Well, how do you like them?"

Lottie darted a startled, guilty glance at Carl Clayton as he came softly up the carpeted stairway and caught her standing through the half-opened door at the pictures placed around the room in different positions. Bold maine skeletons, most of them green, white-capped waves amid which fearless bathers plunged, dark tempests and tossing ships, golden sunset over a mirror-like sea.

"You need not feel so shy," he said, giving her a queer glance from beneath the shadow of that artist hat that had been tormenting her for weeks. I like to have my sketches admired. Please step inside I have a particular one to show you."

Lottie followed him shyly as he threw the door wide open, but somehow she could not meet the keen blue eyes that always made her heart flutter, why she did not understand. From a remote corner he took a large mounted canvas and held it before her a moment, with his eyes fixed upon her face, then turned it round suddenly. There was her own face, sweet and lovely, with the brown hair rippling over the low white brow, a dainty flush upon the soft oval cheek.

The dainty flush deepened until a crimson tide overspread her face. The first swift,

pleasurable surprise that brightened her soft brown eyes made Carl Clayton's heart leap with delight. Her list face was a study. "Oh, Mr. Clayton!" she faltered in sweet girlish confusion. "I—I—did not think you—you had painted me."

"But I have you see." Then their eyes met a moment, but something in his made her want to get away from him. She murmured something about her aunt wanting her, and stole off to her room.

"What a little fool I am!" How my cheeks burn, and my heart is all in a flutter," she thought. "I wonder how he came to paint my picture. I wonder if I ever looked as well as that," glancing in the mirror, which gave an affirmative answer.

"A shy little bird, after all," Clayton thought, as he put away the picture, but I'll cage her yet."

But he did not find it so easy a matter. He asked her to walk with him, but she had some pretext for refusing. She made a point of evading him everywhere, and never again ventured near his door.

He watched his chance one day when she went out for a lonely ramble along the shore. She grew tired after a while and climbed to a seat upon some rocks, where she could look out upon the billowy waters reflecting the afternoon sunlight. He had followed at a safe distance, and now came upon her suddenly.

"Why, Mr. Clayton," she said in surprise, rising to her feet, while the hot blood rushed to her face.

He placed his hand on her shoulders and gently forced her back to her seat, taking his place by her side.

"What makes you avoid me, Lottie?" He put his hand beneath her chin and compelled her eyes to meet his, only for a moment. They traveled up to the brim of the artist's hat, then fluttered and fell again.

"Lottie, I love you. Would you be my little wife?" in a tone that sent a thousand eddying pulsations over her.

But who of womankind is so unsophisticated for coquetry? It comes by intuition to all of Eve's daughters.

She lifted her eyes to his brimful of laughter. "I do not love you," she said, and snatching away her hand from his she sprang off the rock and was away before he could recover from his surprise.

Before long he followed the same path home with a curious expression in his deep, handsome eyes.

She did not appear at the table until he had left it for the next two days. On the third afternoon, as he was stepping down the front stairway, he caught a glimpse of her, gliding into the cool, darkened parlor. The house was very quiet. Ten minutes later he opened the door softly and closed it after him. She started up from the sofa with a little cry as she saw who had cornered her.

He sat down beside her and took both her hands in his with a firm clasp. Lottie tried to free them, but she felt her strength going. She began to realize that she was to be mastered at last.

He waited till she was quiet; then said: "Lottie, I want an answer to the question I asked you three days ago."

"Didn't I answer you?" she asked, making a last effort to be heroic, though there was a suspicious tremor in her voice.

"You didn't mean it?"

"I did," she persisted.

"Be careful; don't prevaricate. Didn't you write to me that you wanted me for a husband?"

The sudden glance, half ashamed, half audacious, wholly surprised, that she flashed upon him, was laughable.

He drew a paper from his vest pocket and unfolded it. Sure enough there was her note turning up as unexpectedly as a lucky lottery ticket.

"Did you write this?"

"Yes; but I put in an 'if' didn't I?" she asked archly. "If he is good-looking and agreeable, etc."

"Well, don't I answer the description?" he asked quizzically.

She looked up at him. He caught the gleam of a tender love light in her eyes struggling with coquettish mischief that sparkled there. Without another word he drew her within his arms and kissed her lips.

The action sealed her fate. She had fought bravely against his strange magnetism from the first, but he had conquered her.

"How did you happen to find that paper?" she asked, softly.

"I was examining the hat rather closely and detected it through the lace."

"Didn't you think it was a very bold thing to do?" she questioned, hiding her face against his breast.

"I knew it was a girlish freak. I did not feel sure you and the writer were identical until I asked you about it."

"I came here to study the ocean in its various moods, but the discovery of the note led me to study the face of the girl who had done such an audacious thing," he concluded, drawing her closer to him.

"I thought that he was awfully old, and not a bit handsome," said Ella when Lottie paid a visit to her late companions.

"I think now he's just perfect," said Lottie, "but I tried awful hard at first to keep from loving him."

"Didn't I suggest that your destiny might hang upon that?" asked Dora.

"It was so funny that he got it, wasn't it?" remarked Julia.

And Lottie thought it was.

## HOW THE ALABAMA SUNK.

Victory of the Kearsarge—A Bloody Scene on the Confederate Cruiser's Deck.

The Kearsarge steamed away to seaward until about nine or ten miles from the breakwater, when she veered and headed direct for the Alabama. That stopped the chaff the boys had been paying around about her having weakened and turned tail, and each one seemed to realize at last that this was to be no child's play. By this time about three miles intervened between the belligerents, which was rapidly being decreased. When within about a mile and a quarter from the Kearsarge the Alabama veered, presented her starboard broadside, and opened the ball by firing her one hundred and ten-pounder rifle pivot at an elevation from two thousand yards range, followed simultaneously by a whole broadside.

The guns were worked and served with the utmost rapidity, and in a few minutes another broadside was poured in, when the Kearsarge, being by this time about eight hundred yards distant, presented her starboard battery and the firing became general. The spirit of carnage had begun to animate the crew and the desire to be the upper dog in the fight

stirred each man to emulation. A few broadsides passed when the Kearsarge, under full head of steam, forged ahead, steering so as to pass the Alabama's stern and make her fore and aft, and also get between her and the shore. This maneuver was checkmated by a port helm, causing both vessels to move in a circle revolving around a common center distant from each other about five or six hundred yards. The firing, meantime, continued with unabated vigor. The steady directness of the fire from the Kearsarge now began to be felt. The eleven-inch shells poured into the ill-fated Alabama with sickening regularity and precision, dealing death and destruction on every hand. Guns were dismounted and their crews decimated by a single shot. Early in the action a shell struck the blade of the fan, breaking it off and injuring the rudder. Another landed in the engine room and tore things all to pieces, damaging the machinery, making a hole in the boiler, and flooding the stoke-hole with boiling water.

On deck the prospect was no more cheering. Men dropped dead, cut in twain by shot or shell, while the groans of the wounded, struck by the crashing or flying splinters, mingled with the muttered curses of the seamen and the hoarse orders of gunners and officers. At half-past twelve Mr. Kell had his fore and aft masts hoisted, and attempted to stand in toward shore, distant by this time about five miles. This was prevented by her opponent ranging up and pouring in a raking fire of shot and shell.

Word was passed aft almost immediately that the vessel was sinking, whereupon a flag of truce was suspended from the quarter and the new officer, Sinclair, sent in a boat to surrender the vessel. During his absence the whale-boat, dingy, and three cutters were launched, and preparations made to desert the doomed vessel. Before they could be perfected, however, she settled by the stern, her head rising high out of the water. The mainmast which had been already badly shattered by the firing, went by the board, and a few seconds sufficed to engulf the shattered hull of the late scourge of the seas. Struggling in the vortex were many of her crew, and the efforts of Sinclair, who had received permission from Captain Winslow to return and rescue the survivors, were soon ably seconded by the boats of the Deerhound, two cutters from the Kearsarge and two French pilot boats, who were near the spot.

The whale boat and dingy of the Alabama, with the boats of the Deerhound, well freighted, made quietly for the yacht, which immediately steamed to the northward, bearing safely away from captivity Captain Semmes and a majority of his "best bowers," while the cutter transferred their cargoes to the Kearsarge. One pilot boat turned over those she had rescued to the same sheltering care while the other one stood in for the shore and aided in the escape of those who were lucky enough to get on board of her. The Kearsarge picked up and had transferred to her decks a total of five officers, sixty-three men, and one dead body. Semmes, on board of the Deerhound, reached Southampton with thirteen of his officers and near thirty of his crew and petty officers. The pilot-boat landed quite a number, and the killed and drowned were never accounted for.—W. E. Howard in the Philadelphia Weekly Times.

## A Woman's Quick Wit.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

The part of Tennessee through which I have been knocked about is full of reminiscences of the war, but there is none of the bitterness left. In war time the people were generally divided in their sentiments, and no man could tell of other from which.

This remark reminds me of a story I heard yesterday, about an estimable woman of 70 odd, who died two or three years ago, here on the mountains. One day, during the war, when the country was fairly alive with guerrillas, she had occasion to take some valuable goods with her on a trip she was making, and put them on her horse back of her. When she had gone some distance in the woods, she heard a squad of guerrillas approaching, and knowing her goods would not be safe for a moment, she straddled her horse, man fashion, and throwing her long skirt over the package behind her, completely concealed it. When the guerrillas rode up she was unable to guess whether they belonged to the north or to the south—their uniform being no solution whatever. She determined, if questioned, to play a bluff game with them, and she soon had a chance to exercise her wit.

"Hello!" called one of the guerrillas. "Hello!" she returned. "What side are you on?" he challenged. She laughed a good laugh at him as she replied, kicking out her feet. "On both sides, of course; can't you see?" This brought a roar from the whole squad, and they began to banter her in her own fashion. "Which side is your old man on?" asked one of them. "He's on neither side," she laughed; "he's on his back, and has been for years." Such wit saved her, and they let her pass unmolested.

## Sense and Sentiment.

Shakespeare: It is excellent to have a giant's strength, but tyrannous to use it like a giant.

Anon: Love, like the plague, is often communicated by clothing and money.

Channing: Books give to all who will faithfully use them the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.

Dana: Women have been called angels in love-letters and sonnets, till we have almost learned to think of angels as little better than women.

Sedgely: Rugged of face and massive of form, should find favor in the eyes of this young brown girl, beautiful with all the free grace of a lake creature. "She would make a superb Pocahontas in *tabeaux vivants*."

Longfellow: Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life, to light the fires of passion with, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the earlier pages of that book was written a story of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again.

Holmes: I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay pennoned, that, but for the bare, toiling arms, and brave, warm, beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close in his shadow and clung to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, would soon have gone down the stream and been heard of no more.

## TERRIBLY DESTRUCTIVE TORNADO.

New Ulm, Brown County, Minnesota, Nearly Annihilated—300 buildings Demolished.

Thirteen Persons Killed Outright and Twenty Injured More or Less Seriously.

Last Friday afternoon the city of New Ulm, Brown county, and its vicinity was visited by one of the most destructive cyclones ever known in the northwest. A gentleman who stood on the bluff two miles north of New Ulm and witnessed the cyclone says it was the grandest yet most terrible sight he ever witnessed. He says one cloud came from the northwest and the other from the northeast. When they met it appeared to him to be a contest as to which should have the right of way. The storm struck New Ulm at 4:48 and lasted just twelve minutes, and in that brief time no less than \$300,000 worth of property was destroyed, and a number of persons killed and many wounded. During the storm there was a

PERFECT BLAZE OF FIRE BALLS. It would have been almost as dark as midnight had it not been for the continual flashes of lightning. It would take columns to give the full loss of property, but the estimate of twenty men places the damage at \$300,000. The three churches were completely destroyed, and Turner hall was partly demolished. The following brick buildings are unroofed and glass fronts are completely wrecked; the fronts were broken by flying timbers and bricks. The following is a partial.

LIST OF THOSE DAMAGED.

Keisling, Keller & Co's store.

Brown County bank.

E. & E. C. Behnke.

J. Bobleter's drugstore.

Postoffice.

C. Sommer's store.

Citizen's National bank.

C. Wagner's store.

Pakota house.

Dr. Weichke's drug store and dwelling.

Widman & Schramm's store.

E. Gross stable.

A. Keisling's blacksmith shop.

Three schoolhouses.

Col. P. T. Aender's residence.

M. Smutten's hardware store and livery stable, and five threshing machines.

Meinhausen's residence.

Union hall, Frank Hansdorff, a complete wreck, and the building all flooded with water.

Andrew Smith's residence, almost a complete wreck.

C. Berry's residence.

J. Craft's brick residence.

W. Krook's store almost a complete wreck.

Engel's house and shop totally destroyed.

Geo. Vagon's saloon carried away.

A wagon shop and residence completely destroyed.

C. Kookoff's hardware store a complete wreck.

Apple's splendid brick a complete wreck.

Brook's wagon factory a complete wreck.

Mrs. Brunner's building totally destroyed.

Mrs. Westphale's millinery store, a total loss, together with the contents.

A. Crane's brick block, badly damaged.

A number of small buildings on the street north of Main street.

C. F. Hald's brick building unroofed. Partly torn down.

J. Schumaker's brewery, entirely destroyed.

John Haunst, fine large brick brewery; a total loss.

KILLED IN NEW ULM.

Mr. Eckert and twelve-year-old son.

Little son of Mr. Reitz.

Lena Reitz, aged eleven years, found on the street, decapitated, and her head is not yet found.

Son of Mr. Werner, aged fourteen years.

All the bodies found.

KILLED IN THE TOWN OF SEVERANCE.

Martin Frank.

Joseph Hellubo, wife and three children.

One child, badly wounded, is the sole survivor of this family.

WEST NEWTON.

Child of Mr. Loomis.

An old man, name not ascertained, who was found with his arms clasped around a tree.

WOUNDED IN NEW ULM.

John Paquet.

Mr. Luesch wife and child—probably fatal.

H. Fidler, seriously—probably fatal.

H. Kuntz, arm and leg broken and cut.

George Foltz and wife—seriously.

Carl Kroubel.

M. Reiz.

Jacob Miller—leg broken.

Mr. Weiner and wife—seriously.

Mr. Neis, slightly.

William Shearman—internally—very serious.

I. Schueneger—badly cut by glass.

MILFORD.

I. Pfeiffer—seriously. Three persons, names not yet ascertained.

KILLED IN CAIRO.

Joseph Voalover, wife and four children.

Son of Matthew Findley.

KILLED IN WELLINGTON.

Child of John Fahey.

COL. FENDER.

of New Ulm while in St. Paul last night gave a Pioneer Press reporter the following account of the storm:

"The tornado struck the town about 4:45 Friday afternoon, and came in two directions. One part of the storm came from the northwest and the other from the south. At first it was a storm of wind and rain, and commenced blowing down trees and fences, and increased in fury, especially as soon as both storms united when it became very destructive. Timbers, boards and all description of material began to fly around in the air—timber, trees and everything tearing the houses in pieces, ripping off the roofs, lifting houses up bodily and carrying them a considerable distance, and then dropping them and crushing them all in pieces. Big pieces of lumber were whirled through the air and carried far away."

"The only reason more people were not killed is because they took to their cellars as soon as they saw the terrible storm was upon them. In this way they escaped. Some of the people living in small houses without cellars were crushed, and afterwards their bodies were dragged out. One poor woman who was living at home with her husband in a small house had one arm broken twice, a leg broken and head badly bruised. Her husband was hurt very seriously in one shoulder. The names of these two are Mr. and Mrs. Wegner. They are citizens, but had not been in New Ulm long. A family consisting of a man, his wife and son, lived on the outskirts. Mr. Eckert and his boy were killed instantly. The woman was wounded, and some one saw her afterwards, but she had disappeared in some way. A little girl named Reitz had her head very torn off, probably by a piece of flying timber."

"SOME HORRIBLE INSTANCES.

Mrs. Reizer was killed by flying timbers, her head being cut off. The body was found this morning, and the head was found this afternoon two blocks distant from where she was killed. A child of Fritz Dickmeyer was carried over a half mile and still lives. A child of Fred Loomis of West Newton was killed. Martin Frank of West Newton was found dead one mile from his house, and not a particle of the house has been found since the storm. Matthew Finley and family of West Newton were killed. There were seven in the family, and only one remains alive. Mr. Schramm, of the firm of Schramm & Redmere, had his arm broken, a report came in this afternoon that a family of five was

holding the door when a joist came across the street and passed through the door, breaking his leg. C. Thomas had his arm dislocated. Miss Anna Leach was carried out of the house. Her mother ran out after her, and she said, "Oh, mother, I must die," and immediately expired. Mrs. Leach was badly injured. All kinds of rumors are in circulation. Some who have just come in from West Newton say the town is completely devastated, while others contradict the report. It is claimed that 300 buildings are destroyed.

RELIEF MEASURES.

The committee of gentlemen from New Ulm, consisting of Col. Wm. F. Fender, Maj. Joe. Bobleter and Hon. S. D. Peterson, came to Minneapolis on Saturday and called on the governor. They gave him a full account of the damage, and the governor will endeavor to persuade more fortunate localities to aid the sufferers.

DESCRIPTION OF NEW ULM.

The thriving city of New Ulm which has been thus



# The Bismarck Tribune.

BY LOUNSBERRY, & JEWELL.

## THE DAILY TRIBUNE.

Published every morning, except Monday, at Bismarck, Dakota, is delivered by carrier to all parts of the city at twenty-five cents per week, or \$1 per month.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**  
One month, postage paid.....\$ 1.00  
Three months, postage paid..... 3.00  
Six months, postage paid..... 6.00  
One year, postage paid..... 10.00

**THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.**  
Eight pages, containing a summary of the news of the week, both foreign and local, published every Friday, sent, postage paid, to any address for \$2.50.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

**TRANSIENT:**  
\$1.00 per inch first insertion; 50 cents for second and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

**YEARLY CONTRACT RATES:**  
For contract rates apply at office, or send for "Advertising Card of Rates."

**WEEKLY RATES:**  
Locals 10 cents per line, per day, or 55 cents per line for six successive days without change. Write-ups in Brevier type, 15 cents per line, measured ten lines to the inch.

## BISMARCK.

A GENTLEMAN once remarked: "Singular, isn't it, that the important streams all run by large cities." The fact has also been noted that where Indian trails concentrate, there, as civilization advances, the rougher elements gather—there wickedness takes deep root, and this, in turn, is supplanted by a concentration of legitimate business, which builds up large cities. That which draws gamblers and prostitutes brings other elements; and to say that a town is a hard one, is to say that it has in and around it circumstances that make it a desirable point for investment.

The excellent judgment of sin and of sinful persons has always been remarkable. Sin selects the best seats in the temple and chooses for its own purposes the best location for the temple. Sin adopts early the most pleasing and comfortable devices and the most harmonious tunes, and forces goodness to pay roundly for the advantages she is ever willing to divide, and glows over the fact that goodness is forced to compliment by following as well as to pay tribute to her.

Since this is true, it does not argue against a city for old maids to turn their backs upon it, or for ex-superintendents of orphan asylums and managers of widows' trust funds, or of "protection" insurance companies to hold up their hands in holy horror and exclaim "do not go there to be robbed but come in here," or in their ravings to call it a bullwhacker's paradise, a stevedore's heaven, or attach to it the more expressive name of kenotown, for shrewd people see in the elements that call forth these warnings, the concentration of trails, so to speak, that so surely mark the spot providence has selected for the home of prosperity. The fact that, notwithstanding the warnings of Bismarck's would be guardian, and on the heels of their lecture on the sins of Bismarck, a New Jersey clergyman comes in and buys the very best corner in the city, and for a sum far below its true value, shows that goodness is not asleep by any means, and intends to reap the advantages offered for investment in a city, which gives capital greater inducements than any other city in the United States.

Although for years the TRIBUNE has labored to give our own people confidence in the future of Bismarck; has shown its advantages of location; its increase in trade; has chronicled its improvements; noted the rapid rise in the value of property, and even now publishes a prophecy for the future, that within five years will be fulfilled, in the form of a map showing the location of Bismarck and its prospective railroads; showing the millions of acres of unoccupied land, every acre of which, when improved, will add wealth to her coffers, yet many are inclined to listen to the voice of the croaker, and to look upon the dark, rather than the light side, in forming their anticipations for the future.

Pages of the TRIBUNE could be, and have been, filled with statements of fact and speculation tending to give confidence in the future of Bismarck, but nothing has ever been published so conclusive as the following, taken from the books of the railroad agent, which shows the rapid increase of the traffic on the great trans-continental line, one of the principal divisions of which terminates and another begins at Bismarck:

During the week ending June 27th, 1875, the number of cars of loaded freight for city, river and the frontier trade, was fourteen; during the corresponding week in 1876 the number was increased to thirty-two; in 1877 to one hundred and three; in 1878 to one hundred and thirty-one; in 1879 the number was one hundred and twenty-nine; in 1880 244, and for the corresponding week in 1881 FOUR HUNDRED AND SEVENTY.

During 1875 to 1878 but three trains weekly were run between Bismarck and Fargo. Then only one passenger coach attached to a mixed train, while the regular daily passenger train, which left Fargo for Bismarck July 20, 1881, embraced nine

passenger coaches and two baggage cars, all filled, and on that day seventy-two loaded freight cars reached Bismarck, while during the entire month of June, 1875, but eighty-nine arrived, and during the corresponding month of June, 1881, one Bismarck firm received sixty-six car loads of goods for their Bismarck trade.

Accepting these facts as a measure of the increase in the business of Bismarck during the past six years, is there not abundant cause to hope for future prosperity? Is there not good ground to urge capital to come now and invest in a city which shows such wonderful increase?

It was said that with the loss of the Black Hills trade, and the extension of the North Pacific road, Bismarck's glory would depart. But these facts do not justify that conclusion.

The population, as well as the trade, of the city is increasing, and already this year over one hundred buildings have been erected.

THE story that Guiteau declared himself a stalwart and said he shot Mr. Garfield in order that Arthur might become President is at last proven to be pure fiction. There is not a word of truth in it. The cowardly lunatic only begged to be taken to jail and for protection from the crowd. It is apparent now that the shooting had no connection whatever with the disturbance within the party. A disappointed dead beat sought revenge and notoriety. He followed Garfield for weeks and twice was about to shoot him in church but feared he might shoot some one else, and once came near shooting him in the presence of Mrs. Garfield, but his heart failed him.

MR. VILLARD is determined to control for the North Pacific the business naturally tributary to his line of road and announces in Minneapolis that his company expected to construct in Dakota one thousand miles of railway during the next fifteen months, between Fargo and Bismarck. Feeders will be thrown out at every available or necessary point, and every foot of territory naturally tributary will be covered. It seems almost certain that a line will be built from Sauk Rapids to St. Paul and Minneapolis, giving an outlet to the great mills at the Falls.

WHEN Bismarck begins to build brick blocks, a score or more at once; when the business men begin to take a whole page of the daily paper, and branch out into entire columns of the Pioneer Press; when recognized sin is invited to take a back seat, and Bismarck makes itself attractive to men of money, intelligence and energy, then this city will indeed boom and its fame will be known throughout the land. Real estate will double and treble in value, trade will increase and every man will prosper.

WHEN one man bought \$20,000 worth of town lots in Mandan, it was heralded all over the country, and many concluded that Mandan was the coming city. Yesterday one man bought \$10,000 worth of Bismarck property, and instead of buying two hundred lots he simply took two. Thus the difference in value of real estate in the two cities—one-half the amount of money for one one-hundredth the amount of property, or four thousand nine hundred per cent. in favor of Bismarck.

MR. VILLARD, of the North Pacific, yesterday telegraphed from Altona, Pa., to Mayor Rice of St. Paul, contributing in behalf of the Oregon Transcontinental Company, the sum of \$1,000 for the New Ulm sufferers. He added: "You may draw on me for the total amount in New York, and I will endeavor to raise more funds upon my arrival there." Comment is unnecessary. The generous act speaks for itself.

THE Argus urges a North Dakota Convention to meet in Fargo next September, with a view to taking effective steps toward a division of Dakota at the next meeting of Congress. The suggestion is timely; we ought to make a long and strong, pull, and pull altogether, to accomplish that end.

FARGO kicks immensely because Bismarck holds the wire to St. Paul most of the time. Bismarck, however, considerably surrenders half an hour during the night for the Fargo press reports and holds it the balance of the time for the full night press report to the daily TRIBUNE. The TRIBUNE is a newspaper in every sense of the word.

RURLEIGH county, notwithstanding the slight damage to crops this year, will realize more clean money out of its wheat crop in proportion to the amount sown than any county in Dakota. Some pieces are wholly uninjured and a few pieces promise to yield from twenty-five to thirty five bushels per acre.

THE vote at Albany yesterday was precisely the same as Tuesday. The Conklingites are still banging, and present no evidences of weakening.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

# WHOLESALE BUILDING MATERIAL

We can supply anything used in the construction of a Building. Write us. C. S. WEAVER & CO.

34th

Popular Monthly Drawing of the Commonwealth Distribution Co.,

In the City of Louisville, on

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1881.

These drawings occur monthly (Sundays excepted) under provisions of an Act of the General Assembly of Kentucky, incorporating the Newport Printing and Newspaper Co., approved April 9, 1878.

This is a special act, and has never been repeated by the Legislature. The United States Circuit Court on March 31st rendered the following decisions:

1st.—That the Commonwealth Distribution Company is legal.

2d.—Its drawings are not fraudulent.

The company has now on hand a large reserve fund. Read the list of prizes for the

## JULY DRAWING.

1 Prize.....\$30,000	100 Prizes \$100 ea \$10,000
1 Prize.....10,000	200 Prizes 50 ea 10,000
1 Prize.....5,000	600 Prizes 20 ea 12,000
10 Prizes \$1,000 each 10,000	1,000 Prizes 10 ea 10,000
20 Prizes 500 each 10,000	
9 Prizes \$200 each, Approximation Prizes \$2,700	
9 Prizes 200 each, " " 1,800	
9 Prizes 100 each, " " 900	

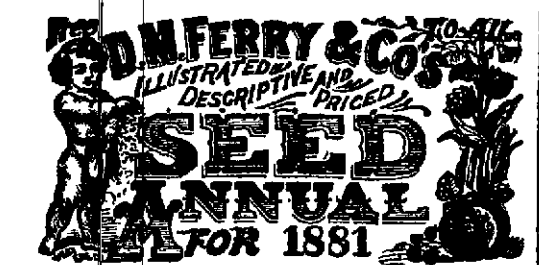
1,960 Prizes, \$112,400

Whole Tickets \$2. Half Tickets \$1.

27 Tickets \$50. 55 Tickets \$100.

Remit Money or Bank Draft in Letter, or send by Express, DON'T SEND BY REGISTERED LETTER OR POSTOFFICE ORDER. Orders of \$5 and upwards, by Express, can be sent at our expense. Address all orders to R. M. Boardman, Courier Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or T. J. Commerford, 339 Broadway, New York.

B. F. KEESLING, M. D., Druggist, Logansport, Ind., when sending in an order for Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads, writes: "I wore one of the first ones we had and I received more relief from it than anything I ever used. In fact the Pads give better general satisfaction than any kidney remedy we ever sold."



Will send mail to all applicants, and to customers without ordering it. It contains five colored plates, 400 engravings, about 200 pages, and full descriptions, prices and directions for planting 100 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Roses, etc. Invaluable to all. Michigan grown seeds will be found more reliable for planting in the Territories than those grown farther South. We make a specialty of supplying Market Gardeners. Address, D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

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Make from \$25 to \$50 per week selling goods for E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., New York.  
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FINE FRESH CONFECTIONERY.

**Shelled pecans and other nuts.**

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Ohio made and warranted absolutely pure, at the

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**& GRIFFIN,**

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**Horse Market,**

AT GRIFFIN'S BARN,

BISMARCK, - - - DAKOTA.

All kinds of Light and Heavy Farm, Work and Buggy Horses can be found at these Stables. Only the best Stock dealt in. No need of going East after Horses, when they can be bought at Bismarck at Eastern prices. Call and see them.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BISMARCK, DAKOTA.**  
Paid up Capital \$50,000

**DIRECTORS:**  
WALTER MANN, G. H. FAIRCHILD, Cash'r.  
St. Paul, Minn. Bismarck, D. T.

**Correspondents:**  
American Exchange Nat. Bank, New York.  
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Merchants Nat. Bank, St. Paul.

**Collections made and Promptly Remitted.**  
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Connecticut.....\$ 1,483,000
Liverpool, London and Globe... 29,000,000
Traders..... 859,000
La Confiance..... 5,660,000
Hamburg-Magdeburg..... 833,000
Hamburg-Bremen..... 1,234,000
German-American..... 2,619,000

49th F. J. CALL, Agent.

# INSURANCE FIRE AND MARINE

**In the Following Companies:**  
Springfield - \$1,361,948 00  
Western, Toronto - 1,150,542 00  
Firemen's Fund - 811,873 00  
Star of New York - 608,803 00  
St. Paul Fire and Marine 558,483 00  
American Central - 550,296 00  
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YOUTHFUL VIGOR, Lost Energy, Nervous Debility, Lost Hopes, Indiscretions in Youth positively cured. Rubber goods 2 for \$1 or \$1 per doz. Send stamp for circular.  
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**ASH & ROBBINS,** 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**TO CATTLE OWNERS, Freighters AND FAMILIES**

We have made arrangements whereby we can take care of your cattle and dry stock during the season. All cows will be driven out to the range each morning and back at night. Good water and excellent grass. The best of care taken of the stock. Dry stock will feed from daylight till dark.  
While in our care all damages paid.  
Leave orders at Griffin's meat market.  
45th June '81  
**AMES & BERG.**

**BUY BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES.**

**MADE IN AUSTRIA**  
**SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST**

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Keeps the scalp free from dandruff, the hair from falling out and is an excellent remedy for headache. It is highly recommended as a hair restorer and is the best hair dresser in the world. For sale by W. A. HOLLENBAEK, W. H. W. Comer, and at Fort Lincoln by G. H. HENNING.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

**HANES DAVIS, TREE PLANTING COMPANY,**

Bismarck, - - - Dakota.

We are prepared to furnish trees for Tree Culture or Ornamental Shade Trees in quantities to suit, delivered by rail or river to any station in the west, at the following rates, money accompanying orders:

Cottonwood cuttings, double length.....\$4 00 per M
do trees, 8 to 15 inches..... 6 00 "
do do 15 to 24 inches..... 8 00 "
do do 24 inches or over..... 8 00 "
Box Elder, for tree culture 8 to 15 in. 6 00 "
Box Elder for shade trees, from 10 to 50 cts each.
Shepherdia (or Bulberry,) for hedges, hardy, 18 inches to 3 feet, 5 cents each.
White Ash seed trees from 10 to 25 cents each.

Trees set at reasonable rates by an experienced tree planter. Address all orders to Bismarck Tree Planting Company, Bismarck, Dakota.

HANES & DAVIS, Managers.

**T. J. MITCHELL, GENERAL**

**LAND AGENT,**

**MANDAN, D. T.**

Buys and sells deeded and Railroad lands on commission; selects and locates Homesteads, Pre-emption and Tree Culture claims, and contracts for breaking and planting trees on tree claims; have complete township plats of all surveyed lands west of the Missouri River on the Missouri Division of the North Pacific Railroad.

**Soldiers' dditional Homesteads**

**And Sioux Half-Breed Scrip Furnished at Reasonable Rates**

to parties who prefer to perfect title to lands without residing thereon. Can also furnish, at reduced rates.

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which can be used in payment for Pre-emption the same as money. Correspondence solicited.

**MISS M. A. CONNER.**

**DRESS AND CLOAK MAKING**

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**Second Street, Bismarck.**

**GEO. R. NEWELL & CO.,**

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**Wholesale Grocers!**

We make a specialty of goods for the frontier

**EMANUEL C. BROHOLM,**

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**BUILDER OF SHOES**

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**TRY**

**G. H. HENNING'S**

**Pa-He-Yo-Yam-Pa**

**FOR THE HAIR.**

Keeps the scalp free from dandruff, the hair from falling out and is an excellent remedy for headache. It is highly recommended as a hair restorer and is the best hair dresser in the world. For sale by W. A. HOLLENBAEK, W. H. W. Comer, and at Fort Lincoln by G. H. HENNING.

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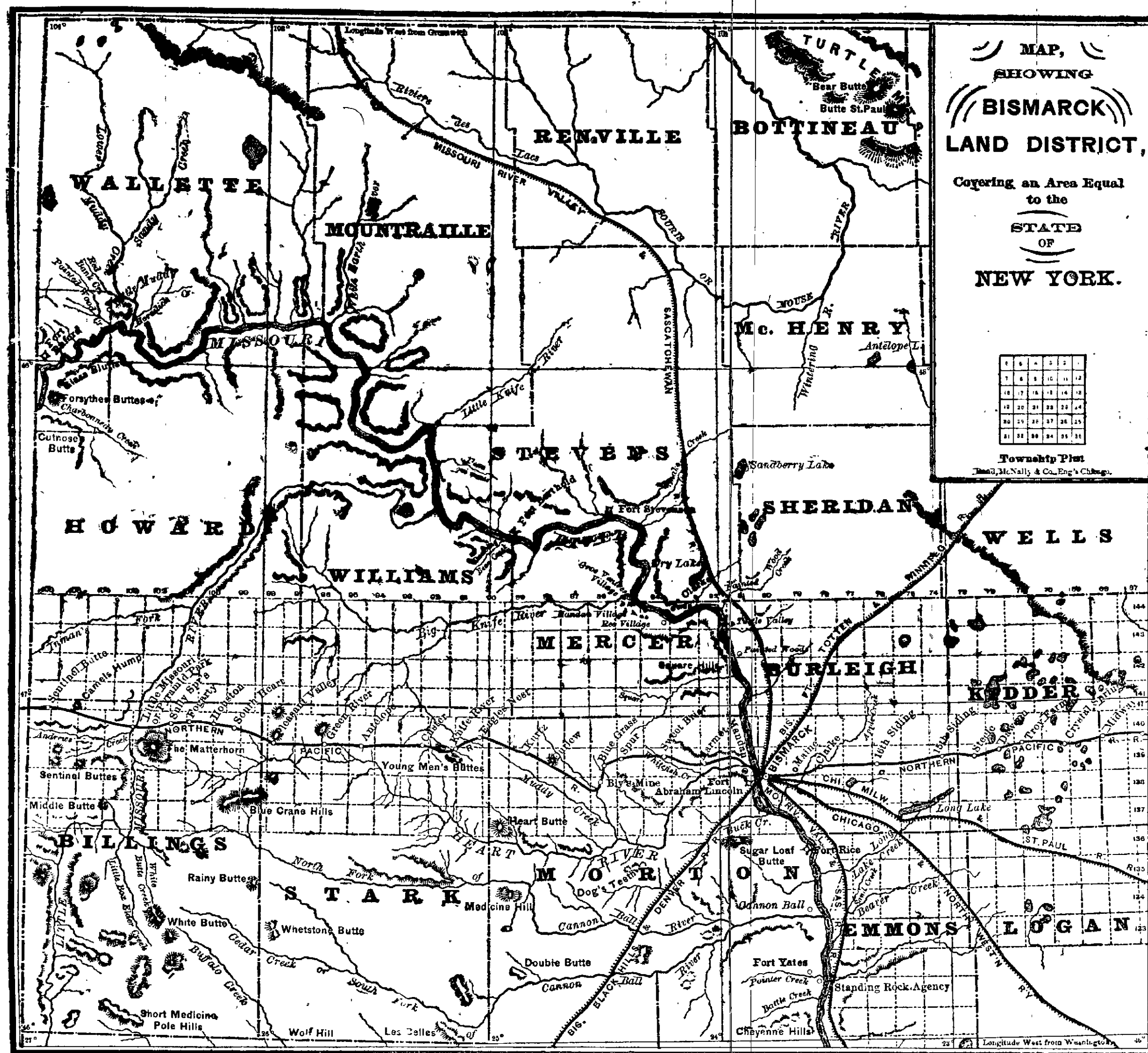
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# Map Showing the Bismarck Land District, Covering an Area of 51,000 Square Miles, or a Territory Equal to the State of New York.



## Bismarck Land District.

This district is as large as the State of New York and the above map shows its location and extent. The distance east and west is 255 miles and north and south about the same. From the Missouri to the Montana line the railway measurement is 175 miles. The surveyed land extends along the North Pacific railroad as far west as Eagle's Nest or Range 90. The numbers of the ranges are given on the northern boundary line of Burleigh and other counties, beginning with No. 67 and ending with No. 106. The townships are marked on the eastern line of the district. A township runs from the east to the west. Take 140 for instance, and the reader can trace the township to Montana. Then practice looking for township 140, range 67 or range 68, 70 75, 79, 81 or 82, and so on to the end. The small township plat presented with the map shows

HOW THE SECTIONS ARE NUMBERED, beginning with the north-east corner with section 1 and running west to 6, and then east and west down to 36. At the corners of the sections are posts that are marked with the numbers of the sections, townships and range. By reference to this map a settler or speculator can pick out any locality that he wants to investigate. He can see the course of the Missouri or follow the line of the North Pacific railroad through every township of the district. He can quickly learn that the two ranges on the east side of 67 and 68 are in another county than Kidder. They are in Stutsman. He can find out the location of Crystal Springs, Troy farm, Dawson, Steele, Clarke, Bismarck, Mandan, and all the stations west of the Missouri. He can learn the position of the Forts and Indian agencies and amuse himself an hour looking up rivers and streams that have a history. The geography of Kidder, Burleigh and Morton counties containing the principal settlements is obvious at a glance. The investor or settler, who likes the location of township 140, range 79, or same township, range 81, can correspond with the local land office and find out what is taken and what is vacant. The Railroad owns every other section for forty

miles on either side of the line. The prospective railroads on the above map, are certain to come in the near future. A prophetic spirit can foresee the development that will bring all of these roads to Bismarck and Mandan. The man who starts in now will reap the harvest.

**BURLEIGH COUNTY.**  
Burleigh county is the agricultural principality of the Missouri slope. Its area of farm land covers sixty townships of thirty-six sections each, or the respectable total of 2,160 sections, which is equivalent to a bonanza field of 1,392,400 acres. Reduced to small farms of 160 acres, Burleigh's estate will support 8,640 farmers, with their families, making thirty five thousand people. That will be the condition of this comparatively unoccupied country in ten years. For the western boundary rolls in mighty curves the largest river in North America, fringed with a belt of heavy timber that will provide excellent fuel for the settler. Draining the central district is Apple creek, and lying in the northern tier of townships are lakes and springs that will provide for all inhabitable time an inexhaustible supply of water for stock. The surface of the whole county is rolling and undulating. The topography is the most inviting of any prairie land on the line of the North Pacific. People who desire a soil of the richest black loam, with an everlasting subsoil of clay, combined with a pleasing landscape, will find their heart's content in this country. It is not all plain or all hill. It is what the good eastern farmer wants—neither a dead level nor a perpendicular precipice. Besides the timber from the banks of the river, the farmer can get lignite coal from the mines west of the Missouri, laid down in Bismarck at \$4 per ton.

But all of the good land in North Dakota is not in Burleigh county.  
**KIDDER COUNTY.**  
Lying directly east, is one of the finest counties of land in the whole northwest. It contains Crystal Springs and its magnificent ranges for stock; the Troy farm, which sold its product of wheat to Minneapolis millers at an advance of fifteen cents per bushel over the price paid for the best Minnesota grades; Dawson, with its rapidly developing farming and

stock growing interest; and Steele, with its big wheat fields and booming towns. It contains the COUNTY OF EMMONS one of the best timbered and best watered counties of the district, with its flourishing settlements at Gayton, Beaver Creek and Badger.

**MORTON COUNTY**  
with its growing county seat at Mandan, fairly laughs with delight when she considers the rapid strides she is making toward reaching the size and importance of Bismarck. Mandan is backed by a well watered country and along the frequent streams a large amount of timber is found. The soil is deep and rich and in some cases a better crop has been raised the first year by the settler, who found his farm unbroken sod than is usually produced in the eastern states. The county has broad meadows and inexhaustible beds of coal, and will in time prove one of the richest and best on the line of the road. The North Pacific crosses Kidder, Burleigh and Morton from east to west, and passes on through Stark and Billings. In

**STARK COUNTY**  
will be found as handsome land as the eye of man ever rested upon. The Upper Knife river and Young Man's Butte regions are plains rich in all the elements that makes farming profitable. The prairies please the eye, timber is found in considerable quantities, and the water is pure and easy to reach. As lovely as is this country, that about Green River is still better and still handsomer. Pleasant Valley is all that its name implies. At the station of this name Hon. W. S. Dickinson, of New York, has had broken this year one hundred acres—the beginning of a bonanza farm.

**BILLINGS COUNTY**  
is remarkable for its points of interest; its pyramid plains, valleys and parks, a mixture of each, misnamed the bad lands, charm the eye and astonish the investigator. Here the Indians loved to roam, because here was found the best grazing in all the land; the best water on the plains. In these valleys they loved to stroll and hunt because here the greatest aggregation of game, other than buffalo was found. The mountain sheep

would here throw himself from three hundred feet heights, striking upon his head, and would scamper forward in his hunt for new heights to climb. Here the grizzly loved to dwell, and wild roved the antelope, elk, and deer in search of the shade, grass and water in summer, and food and shelter in winter. Sentinel Buttes mark the beginning of a broad plain extending well into Montana. And this whole country from Mandan to Montana; from Mandan to the Cannon Ball, the north line of the Indian reservation, and from Mandan, up the river on the west side of the Missouri, embracing the counties of Mercer, Williams and Howard, is all open to settlement. It is only a short time since all this tract was Indian country. From Bismarck the writer has witnessed an attack by Indians upon a surveying party near the present townsite of Mandan, and a year later poor old Henry was killed by Indians between Mandan and Fort A. Lincoln. But the Indians have followed the buffalo, and now comes the bee and civilization. North, northwest and northeast of Bismarck, embracing Sheridan, Stevens, Wells, McHenry, Bottineau, Renville, Montraille and Wallette counties, we can only say there is no better country or any better land. Almost the entire region is unsurveyed and unsettled except by ranchers along the river. In this region lie dormant the wheat fields of the future. This country now unsettled must be developed—it must attract attention, and must prosper. Bismarck and Mandan may well look forward to a glorious future.

**BISMARCK**  
because its position suggests the idea of concentration of commercial interests.

**MANDAN,**  
because a rich agricultural country is rapidly being developed that will bring to it the trade of the thousands who will eagerly seek the advantages presented if they will only consider. The struggling ones should look and locate, if they would prosper and be happy.

See how well watered this whole region is. Along the Missouri and other principal streams much timber is found,

and in the whole country the soil is strong in those elements which make wheat.

## At Sword's Point.

Mr. Henry Villard, principal owner of the North Pacific, who passed through Chicago on Sunday en route to New York, said to some friends here that he expected to have completed and in operation during the ensuing year twelve hundred miles of tributary lines east of the Missouri river. He had secured the charter of the Northern Minnesota railroad, and the line will be built with all possible dispatch from Breckenridge, on the Red river, by a direct route to Deadwood, in the Black Hills. The two branches from Jamestown, one northward to Mouse river, and the other southward through the valley of the James river, will also be pushed to an early completion. Mr. Villard said that a northern branch of the Northern Minnesota railroad will be constructed from Detroit on the North Pacific, northward to Manitoba, tapping all the important branches now touched, or hereafter to be reached, by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railway. The completed branch from Castleton, near Fargo, to Newberg, in the Red river valley, will be extended this year and next down the valley, on the west bank of the river, to the Pembina mountains, across the Assiniboine valley, and into the British possessions. The gentleman who held the conversation with Mr. Villard believed that the North Pacific will make war on the Manitoba road at every competing point.

The Fort Sully nine beat the Pierre nine 38 to 8 on the Fourth.

Bricklaying has been commenced on the new insane asylum at Yankton. The contractors, Messrs. Goodwin and Pratt, are pushing the work with commendable energy.

The Baptist camp convention recently held on the shores of Lake Madison, in Lake county, was a success. As many as seven hundred people were present at some of the meetings.



## A SPANISH HEROINE.

Poverty is certainly a blessing in one respect, at least, inasmuch as a fool without money has fewer opportunities for manifesting his follies than the wealthier animal of the same species. It would have been a piece of good fortune if Geoffrey Kendall had been born to work for his living like many a better man, since it is to be presumed that hardship would have rubbed a little common sense into his soft brain. As it was, his father had left him a large fortune, and the use he made of it was something between a tragedy and a joke. He was the legitimate prey of all sorts of sharpers. He got into terrible scrapes and had to buy himself out of them at enormous cost. Without any real work he acquired for himself an unenviable reputation among the scandal mongers of the town.

He was a vigorous young fellow with a big beard, mild eyes, and hands as white as a woman's. He was, moreover, something of a dandy in his dress and manners. Yet, withal, a kinder, better tempered soul you would not find in a day's walk.

What such a woman as Alma Thorpe could have found in him to love, is mystery; unless, indeed, it was on the principle of woman's tenderness for children, birds and other weaklings. She was quite his opposite—a quiet, sober little body, strong-willed and quick-witted, with a wonderful fund of patience for her blundering lover. She seemed to have no object, no hope or ambition aside from his happiness. Yet, like the fool he was, the time came when he flung away this jewel, for a piece of glittering sham. Luckily he was made to pay dear for his folly.

Kendall and Alma had been engaged for nearly a year, and their marriage was to take place shortly, when a lady appeared on the scene who created a sensation in the town. She called herself Donna Sanchica, and was accompanied by her brother, Don Marco Damas. They were supposed to be Spaniards of distinction making a tour for pleasure. Donna Sanchica was a woman of 30, large and luxuriant of figure, with coal black hair and eyes of the same hue, as bold and keen as a hawk's. She was not long in working herself into the best circles, where she speedily became a great favorite. At the social gatherings her mellow voice and charming manners made her scores of friends and admirers. It was observed by the wiser ones, however, that she devoted herself to the younger and wealthier men.

"I have one passion stupendous for the American gentleman," she admitted with engaging frankness; "he is so brave, so superb, Santissima!"

It was at one of these gatherings that Kendall met her. She seemed to penetrate his character at a glance, and turned the arteries of her big black eyes full upon his weak head. It was simply a foregone conclusion. Like any other moth he flew toward the brightest candle. She charmed, astonished, bewildered him. He had never seen such a brilliant woman—so brilliant, so unconventional. Moreover she admired him. He could see that and his vanity gave a great throb of delight. That night when he went home he felt that it was of the superb Spanish beauty that he dreamed, and not of the pale little American girl.

Without intending any treachery to his betrothed he spent a good deal of his time with Donna Sanchica after that. He had a right to admire her, he said. She was his friend, his dear friend, that was all. So day after day he visited her, and came gradually to neglect Alma. The townspeople began to talk. Rumor said that young Kendall and the Spanish lady were engaged to be married. Some envied him while others, more sensible, pitied Alma and cursed Kendall's blindness and stupidity.

As yet Alma had said nothing to Kendall upon the subject, though it had not escaped her. But she patiently sought to keep him true to his faith by the thousand sweet device of a loving woman.

At length even her patience gave out. One day, after a week's absence, Kendall found a few moments to spare from his Spanish infatuation to call upon his betrothed. He met her with a sheepish and embarrassed air, as if some consciousness of his own mean unmanliness were troubling him. He bent to kiss her as usual but she stepped back and confronted him firmly, yet with a white face and trembling lip.

"All that is over between us, Geoffrey," she said, quietly. "This pretense is folly for you and pain for me—there must be an end of it."

The tone she spoke in startled him; he looked at her in alarm.

"I know I have treated you shabbily," he replied, deprecatingly. "I ought to have been more to you."

"Stop!" exclaimed Alma, interrupting him. "You ought to have done nothing which your heart did not impel you to. I should scorn to hold you to me by your sense of duty. Now that I have lost your love I give you back your word. Go your way and let me go mine."

"Donna Sanchica is only a friend," he attempted to explain. "Why should you be angry because she admires me?"

"I am not angry at anything which has passed between you and that woman," she answered with a touch of irritation.

"Neither is she your friend. A woman can see deeper into the soul of her own sex than a man. I see that her's is black and evil. I see that she does not love you however skillfully she affects it. She will ruin her happiness and embitter your whole life. Oh my poor Geoffrey, can you not see where she is leading you?"

"You wrong her," answered Geoffrey, taking refuge from his own conscience in a pretense of anger. "She is a noble woman and you are jealous of her."

She turned, and looked at him silently with an expression of contempt; then, with a word, she walked quietly out of the room. But when alone she burst into tears and wept long and bitterly over her sore heart and broken hopes.

As for Geoffrey Kendall, he stood for a moment bewildered with conflicting remorse, shame, and repentance, hoping that she would return. But she did not, and in a very miserable frame of mind he left the house, and sought the company of Donna Sanchica.

"Ah!" cried that estimable lady running to meet him with both hands extended, "you have returned, my friend. Behold me happy, independent. But what have happened, dear? Your face is chalk and has agony into it."

"I am very unhappy," responded Kendall, gloomily. "I have been ill-treated."

"Go!" cried the lady striking a dramatic attitude and grinding her white teeth.

"Who have insulted my friend? Tell me his name and I shall have his heart's blood!"

"No matter," said Kendall, with a vague perception of something false and grotesque in all this extravagance. "It's all over and I come to you for comfort."

"Ah!" said the donna, suddenly abandoning her fierce air for a languishing one. "It is sweet for me to have the opportunity for comfort my dear friend. Ah, Dios! would I not die for you?"

"I believe you would," said poor Kendall, looking into her dark eyes, where he fancied he saw unutterable things. "Here is a woman who loves me—why not secure the happiness in my power?" So on the impulse of a moment he spoke.

"Donna Sanchica." "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

To have witnessed the woman's face at that moment would have been a treat to a cynic. She looked modestly down. She managed to get a blush to her yellow cheek; her bosom heaved rapidly, and a tremendous sigh escaped it. Yet all the while the traces of a malignant smile of triumph rested upon her lips.

At last she looked up with some skillfully evoked tears in her eyes.

"No, dear," she replied. "I cannot. Oh, heavens! what agony for me to say it?"

"Why not?" cried Kendall aghast. "Do you not love me?"

"Ah, idol," she cried, "as my own soul! Ah, misery! But let me confess. We are poor, dear—my brother and I. We are exiles from our own country. Because we are noble and poor we cannot live among our equals. We have great pride. We leave our home and wander like the Arab."

"What difference does that make?" said Kendall in a generous glow. "I have enough for both."

"But my poor brother?" cunningly interposed the donna.

"And for him as well," answered Kendall. "Will he not be my brother, too?"

"Santissima!" screamed the lady, flinging her robust person against him with such force that he reeled against the wall. "What noble! What superb! I adore you!" "Yes—yes, I will be your wife, and my brother shall be your brother—eh?"

"Of course," assented Kendall.

And so the matter was settled. If the devil has a sense of humor he must have held his sides with laughter at this mad mockery of the sweetest and holiest of the human emotions. Things took their natural course. The poor but noble Don Canais was to take Kendall into his favor, and being given to the utterances of the highest sentiments, soon won the young man's perfect confidence.

There were times when Kendall's heart misgave him, when even his dull perceptions were troubled with a vague distrust. At these times Donna Sanchica's passionate protestations sickened him and the brother's pompous airs maddened him. At such times the memory of the days when Alma's love was all to him would smite him with a miserable heartache. He would compare her sweet, pure presence with the lurid and unhealthy influence of the Spanish woman and wonder at his own blindness.

But Donna Sanchica was a diplomat. She knew how to deal with his dark moods so as to profit by them. At such moments she would look at him reproachfully and sigh as if her heart were broken. Then Kendall would melt, and cursing himself for a hard-hearted villain, submit more abjectly to her blandishments than ever.

They were soon to be married, and as the donna claimed his whole time, it came about naturally that the solemn don, her brother, consented to take charge of Kendall's affairs. He developed so keen a talent for business that in a very short time the young man's property, quietly changed hands. Of course, being all in the family, it made little real difference in whose name the money was held.

But one morning Kendall called at the residence of the Spaniards and found them gone. A letter in the handwriting of the donna was given to him by the housekeeper. It ran as follows:

"Farewell, most obliging of men! Business engagements call us elsewhere. Sorry that you have been disappointed. We have left our most distinguished regard in place of the money what we have taken. How say you—the fair exchange is not the robbery? Santissima no. We have the pride and the honor. Ah! Also my husband, Don Canais, have remark that it is the just payment of you to him for the long privilege of making me, his wife, the love. Is it not so? Your devoted, SANCHICA."

Kendall read the letter in a state of stupefaction; then quietly tore it to pieces and went away with his head drooping and a frown on his face. The smallest examination into his affair showed how egregiously he had been duped. Of all his patrimony not enough had escaped the clutches of the adventuress and the husband to afford him a decent subsistence. In spite of his overwhelming shame and anger there was a feeling of intense relief in his heart. He had imagined that he loved the Spanish woman, but he felt that it would have been a fearful sacrifice could he have married her. He was really quite satisfied to pay even so high a price as financial ruin to have escaped.

His resolutions were speedily taken. He wrote a long letter to Alma explaining everything, but offering no excuse and asking no hope. He then left town silently.

For two years he was not heard of. At the end of that time he returned a grave and thoughtful man, with lines of sorrow and hardship in his face. Misfortune had come late but it made a man of him at last. He had not yet called on Alma when he met her in the street one day. He made no attempt to avoid her but took her hand quietly.

"Alma," said he, I have come back solely for the purpose of seeing your face and taking new courage from it before I go out to the world again."

"Are you going away," she asked with a faint shadow on her face.

"Yes," said he, my repentance is not yet worked out, I have repaired the ruin caused by folly, but I have not suffered enough for my treachery to you. There is a worthy and admirable life before me. I must attain it."

"Can you do it alone?" she queried with sweet gravity. "Do you need help?"

"None could help me but you," he replied tremulously, "and I have sinned too grievously against you for forgiveness. I need it—oh, how sorely! Not once in all these months have you been absent from my mind. I have labored with your image at my heart, to be worthy of your pardon and approbation, but I fear it was a hopeless task."

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"But my poor brother?" cunningly interposed the donna.

"And for him as well," answered Kendall. "Will he not be my brother, too?"

"Santissima!" screamed the lady, flinging her robust person against him with such force that he reeled against the wall. "What noble! What superb! I adore you!" "Yes—yes, I will be your wife, and my brother shall be your brother—eh?"

"Of course," assented Kendall.

And so the matter was settled. If the devil has a sense of humor he must have held his sides with laughter at this mad mockery of the sweetest and holiest of the human emotions. Things took their natural course. The poor but noble Don Canais was to take Kendall into his favor, and being given to the utterances of the highest sentiments, soon won the young man's perfect confidence.

There were times when Kendall's heart misgave him, when even his dull perceptions were troubled with a vague distrust. At these times Donna Sanchica's passionate protestations sickened him and the brother's pompous airs maddened him. At such times the memory of the days when Alma's love was all to him would smite him with a miserable heartache. He would compare her sweet, pure presence with the lurid and unhealthy influence of the Spanish woman and wonder at his own blindness.

But Donna Sanchica was a diplomat. She knew how to deal with his dark moods so as to profit by them. At such moments she would look at him reproachfully and sigh as if her heart were broken. Then Kendall would melt, and cursing himself for a hard-hearted villain, submit more abjectly to her blandishments than ever.

They were soon to be married, and as the donna claimed his whole time, it came about naturally that the solemn don, her brother, consented to take charge of Kendall's affairs. He developed so keen a talent for business that in a very short time the young man's property, quietly changed hands. Of course, being all in the family, it made little real difference in whose name the money was held.

But one morning Kendall called at the residence of the Spaniards and found them gone. A letter in the handwriting of the donna was given to him by the housekeeper. It ran as follows:

"Farewell, most obliging of men! Business engagements call us elsewhere. Sorry that you have been disappointed. We have left our most distinguished regard in place of the money what we have taken. How say you—the fair exchange is not the robbery? Santissima no. We have the pride and the honor. Ah! Also my husband, Don Canais, have remark that it is the just payment of you to him for the long privilege of making me, his wife, the love. Is it not so? Your devoted, SANCHICA."

Kendall read the letter in a state of stupefaction; then quietly tore it to pieces and went away with his head drooping and a frown on his face. The smallest examination into his affair showed how egregiously he had been duped. Of all his patrimony not enough had escaped the clutches of the adventuress and the husband to afford him a decent subsistence. In spite of his overwhelming shame and anger there was a feeling of intense relief in his heart. He had imagined that he loved the Spanish woman, but he felt that it would have been a fearful sacrifice could he have married her. He was really quite satisfied to pay even so high a price as financial ruin to have escaped.

His resolutions were speedily taken. He wrote a long letter to Alma explaining everything, but offering no excuse and asking no hope. He then left town silently.

For two years he was not heard of. At the end of that time he returned a grave and thoughtful man, with lines of sorrow and hardship in his face. Misfortune had come late but it made a man of him at last. He had not yet called on Alma when he met her in the street one day. He made no attempt to avoid her but took her hand quietly.

"Alma," said he, I have come back solely for the purpose of seeing your face and taking new courage from it before I go out to the world again."

"Are you going away," she asked with a faint shadow on her face.

"Yes," said he, my repentance is not yet worked out, I have repaired the ruin caused by folly, but I have not suffered enough for my treachery to you. There is a worthy and admirable life before me. I must attain it."

"Can you do it alone?" she queried with sweet gravity. "Do you need help?"

"None could help me but you," he replied tremulously, "and I have sinned too grievously against you for forgiveness. I need it—oh, how sorely! Not once in all these months have you been absent from my mind. I have labored with your image at my heart, to be worthy of your pardon and approbation, but I fear it was a hopeless task."

"I am the best judge of that, Geoffrey," she replied.

name and I shall have his heart's blood! Caral!"

"No matter," said Kendall, with a vague perception of something false and grotesque in all this extravagance. "It's all over and I come to you for comfort."

"Ah!" said the donna, suddenly abandoning her fierce air for a languishing one. "It is sweet for me to have the opportunity for comfort my dear friend. Ah, Dios! would I not die for you?"

"I believe you would," said poor Kendall, looking into her dark eyes, where he fancied he saw unutterable things. "Here is a woman who loves me—why not secure the happiness in my power?" So on the impulse of a moment he spoke.

"Donna Sanchica." "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

To have witnessed the woman's face at that moment would have been a treat to a cynic. She looked modestly down. She managed to get a blush to her yellow cheek; her bosom heaved rapidly, and a tremendous sigh escaped it. Yet all the while the traces of a malignant smile of triumph rested upon her lips.

At last she looked up with some skillfully evoked tears in her eyes.

"No, dear," she replied. "I cannot. Oh, heavens! what agony for me to say it?"

"Why not?" cried Kendall aghast. "Do you not love me?"

"Ah, idol," she cried, "as my own soul! Ah, misery! But let me confess. We are poor, dear—my brother and I. We are exiles from our own country. Because we are noble and poor we cannot live among our equals. We have great pride. We leave our home and wander like the Arab."

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"I am the best judge of that, Geoffrey," she replied.



## PENTATETTES.

There was a young girl of Eau Claire,  
Who was witty, and good, and so faire,  
All the other girls found  
That when she was around,  
They were just counted out as near whaire

An old yellow dog in Cologne,  
Ran away with an old woman's bogue;  
But the wrathful old grog  
Hit him twice with a stonge,  
And 'twas dreadful to hear that dog grog.

A young fellow, loaded with drink,  
Tried to put on some style at the rink,  
But being quite tight,  
Couldn't steer to the right,  
And immediately sat down to think.

There was a small boy named Apollo,  
Who used to get spunky and holly,  
When his pa with a str p  
Would corral the young chap,  
And a sort of a chorus would follow.

There was a young man in Podunk,  
Who once tried to capture a skunk;  
The skunk got away,  
And that young man to-day  
Has his clothes camphored up in a trunk.

## THE ROMANCE OF BELLE BOYD.

The Story of a Female Spy of the Rebellion.

From the Philadelphia Record, June 2.

Sitting last evening on the porch of a comfortable residence in the extreme north-western section of the city, with a sweet little miss of three and another of seven summers playing hide and seek around her chair, was a lady who a score of years ago bore an international reputation. Few, if any, of those who knew her once would now recognize in the handsome, well-preserved woman, of commanding presence and highbred bearing, with a complexion like a rose and lily combined, a wealth of sunny, chestnut brown hair, sparkling eyes, a sweet mobile mouth, and a face most varying expression—the vivacious, daring girl who in war times had but one name, and that “Belle Boyd, the confederate spy.”

The story of Belle Boyd's life reads like a romance. Born in Virginia of good old cavalier stock, she had barely graduated and made her debut in Washington society when the war commenced, and her father, with several others of her kindred, took up arms in the confederate cause. When Gen. Robert Patterson with his troops entered Martinsburg her native place, she was acting the part of the ministering angel to the wounded in the improvised hospital. While engaged in these duties many scraps of information concerning the movement of the federal army came to her ears, and thus it was that, with an impulsiveness and ardor due largely to her youth, she entered upon the task with which her name became so prominently identified. Several ladies of the place, who had also been picking up scraps of news, held a meeting at her house, the items were bunched together, put upon paper and the document placed in the hands of a trusty colored servant for transmission to Gen. Jackson. This went on safely for some time, until one day the messenger was captured by the federal pickets and compelled to disclose his mission. Thereupon “Belle Boyd” was arrested, taken before Gen. Robert Patterson, enlightened as to the nature and penalties of the articles of war, and finally placed under espionage during the remainder of the general's stay in town.

From this time onward she devoted herself to the task of furnishing information to the supporters of the Lost Cause. Scores of times she was placed under temporary arrest, and on two occasions she was incarcerated for months in the Old Capitol and Carrol prisons at Washington. Oftentimes she was found in the middle of the hottest fights, but, although on many occasions her clothing was literally riddled with bullets, she invariably escaped personal injury. It is related of her that on one occasion, when taken prisoner, she was taken before Gen. Butler, at Fortress, Monroe. Observing her agitation, Ben remarked: “Pray be seated. But why do you tremble so. Are you frightened?”

“No, ah—that is, yes, Gen. Butler, I must acknowledge that I do feel frightened in the presence of a man of such world-wide reputation as yourself,” was her reply.

“What do you mean?” remarked the general, as he rubbed his hands together and smiled benignly.

“I mean, Gen. Butler,” she replied, “that you are a man whose atrocious conduct and brutality, especially to Southern ladies, is so infamous that even the British parliament commented upon it. I naturally feel alarmed at being in your presence.”

With rage depicted upon every lineament of his features, the general arose from the table and ordered her to be taken from the room.

During her residence in Washington “Belle Boyd” formed an intimate acquaintance with President Lincoln, and a friendly correspondence was kept up between the two during a greater portion of the war. On one occasion her letter paper was adorned with the Confederate motto, a snake entwined around a Confederate flag, and the inscription, “Don't tread on us, or we will bite.” When Lincoln replied to the missive, he sent back the motto with “bite” erased and the word “bust” substituted.

Broken down in health and bereaved by the loss of her father, who died in the endeavor to effect her release from captivity, “Belle Boyd” determined to leave for foreign shores, and in May, 1864, she embarked on the Greyhound at North Carolina as the bearer of important dispatches from Jefferson Davis and Judah P. Benjamin to the friends of the cause in London. In endeavoring to run the blockade, however, the Greyhound was captured by a United States steamer. Belle Boyd was taken to Boston, kept a prisoner for some time, and finally banished to Canada. From there she went to England, where she passed the second epoch of her life. She was married at the aristocratic church of St. James, Piccadilly, received with open arms in titled society, became a widow, and finally, having a natural talent for the theatrical profession, took to the stage.

Probably no person in the country has been afflicted with so many “troubles” as this lady. Since her return to America and marriage to Col. J. S. Hammond, an English gentleman, once a member of the noted “Louisiana Tigers,” she has completely sunk her identity with that of her husband, and with the exception of a few occasions, when she has appeared upon the platform as the talented reader and elocutionist “Maria Isabel Hammond,” her mind has been engrossed with domestic affairs. Yet

every few months she is vexed and annoyed by coming across the announcement that “Belle Boyd,” the ex-confederate spy, had turned up in some part of the country. Now the pretender is being entertained by some prominent Southerner, again she is in distress, and soliciting aid. Several years ago one of these bogus “Belles” visited Atlanta on a lecturing tour, and was denounced by Capt. St. Clair Abrams, of the *News* as an impostor. Next morning she proceeded to the office and demanded satisfaction, which, being refused, she proceeded to draw a couple of Derringers, but was seized before the weapons could be pointed. Since that time she has not turned up in Georgia. The latest pretender turned up in Waxahatchie a few weeks ago under the name of Mrs. Murphy, and according to the *Enterprise* of that place, was engaged in writing a history of her life, but a brief and pointed epistle to a prominent citizen of that place has probably by this time put a quietus on her pretensions. As long ago as 1876, the masons of Martinsburg, Ga., found it necessary to send a circular to the craft all over the country, warning them against persons pretending to be the daughter of their deceased brother, B. R. Boyd, Esq. The genuine “Belle Boyd” has just completed a play, which is highly spoken of, and contemplates making her entree upon the stage in this city in the coming autumn.

## GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

What Lee's First Lieutenant, After Jackson's Death, Has to Say about the Battle of Gettysburg, the Greatest of the War.

The following is an interesting interview with Gen. James Longstreet, now at his home in Georgia, by a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*:

HOW GETTYSBURG WAS FOUGHT.

“If Chickamauga was not, which was the greatest battle of the war?”

“Gettysburg, both in numbers slain and in decisive results. That was the greatest battle of the war, and I shall never forget its details. If you remember, we had a brisk contest on the first of July. Lee's advance and the troops covering the federal rear were engaged. After this brush the federal forces moved up and took position upon Cemetery Hill, and began throwing up breastworks. Lee moved up and took position directly in front. Ewell, A. P. Hill and myself commanded the three corps of Lee's army. I came up, joined Lee, and looked over the position taken by the federals. I had ordered my corps around to the right of the Cemetery Hill, and as I looked over the field I said to General Lee: “They could not have taken a more advantageous position for us.”

“The federal troops had a naturally strong place, but we could have thrown our troops around to the right, and I had ordered, more in that direction, supposing that our plan would be to take a position between Cemetery Hill and Washington and wait for an attack. After I had looked a few minutes, General Lee said: “What would you do?”

“Throw the troops around the right flank of the federal army and take a position between them and Washington, and you can thus force them to come out and attack you?”

“The Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia were too evenly matched in numbers and powers to admit of any mistakes. The army which had the best position forcing the other to attack was almost sure of success. Between these two armies at that day generalship was all important. No two armies more evenly matched ever faced each other. That was why I wanted the advantage of position and defense, rather than attack. We had gained a temporary advantage in the fight of July 1st and our soldiers were in good spirits. When Lee looked upon the field he thought he could assault the position taken by the federals, and replying to my suggestion to move to the right, said:

“No, I will strike them where they are right between the eyes.”

“This was in the evening, and I saw he had his mind in the direction of assault and I did not urge him to adopt my plan. I saw him at daylight in the morning, intending to try to get him to reconsider his plan of direct attack, or, rather, hoping that he would have done so himself during the night. Some time was spent in social talk and I had an idea that he had abandoned the thought of direct assault. I had, nevertheless, the night before withdrawn my troops from the direction in which they were marching and put them in position to meet General Lee's plan if he should decide to carry it out. He had said nothing about his plans for so long that I thought he had concluded not to attack, when all at once he looked up and said:

“Longstreet, you must make the attack.”

“General Lee, there is not 15,000 troops that ever marshaled under a flag that can make that attack and succeed,” I replied. “I have a mile of open ground to march over before I can reach the enemy's position.”

“No, it is not a mile—not more than 1,000 or 1,500 yards.”

“I saw his mind was made up, and, mounting my horse, rode out to my command and ordered the advance. That whole day the two divisions under my command bore the brunt of the attack upon the entrenched position of the federal army at Gettysburg.”

“Why didn't Hill's and Ewell's corps come to your relief?”

“It was partly General Lee's fault, but very much Ewell's and Hill's fault. I before Stonewall Jackson was killed he and I commanded the corps of Lee's army. We understood each other perfectly, and Lee understood us. All he ever did was to give us his plans and we executed them. He never thought of interfering with us after he had explained his wishes. No army in the world was ever better organized than Lee's army when Jackson was alive. He and I were in perfect accord. We could tell by the firing of our troops exactly each other's position and there was a co-operation and community of feeling between us rarely known among military commanders. It was a terrible blow to the confederacy when Jackson was killed. At Gettysburg, Lee seemed to forget that Jackson was not there, and after explaining to Hill, Ewell and myself his plan he left it to us to execute, but neither of them had Jackson's coolness, foresight or execution. The result was for a whole day my two divisions did the work of that terrible conflict and the carnage was fearful. I lost more men than at Chickamauga. Hancock's, Sickles' and Sedgwick's commands were all engaged against us. Toward night one of the other corps had a slight engagement and occupied some entrenchments on the right which had been abandoned. The result of the second day's

fighting I need not refer to. The damage had been done, and the mistake made upon the first day, when a direct assault was made.”

Here General Longstreet took from his pocket a memorandum of a letter from General Lee which read:

“If I had taken your advice the result would have been different at Gettysburg.”

“At Metz during the Franco-Prussian war identically the same situation between the French and Prussian armies was presented as between ours at Gettysburg. I was in New Orleans then and had a map of the country before me. When the French army moved to Metz, leaving Rheims, Von Moltke saw his advantage and moved his army between Metz and Rheims. When that move was made I said to several gentlemen who were watching the progress of that war with me, that there was the position of Gettysburg over again, but that Von Moltke had taken advantage of the movement from Rheims to Metz and was master of the situation. He was nearer Rheims and nearer Paris than the French commander and if we had made the same move at Gettysburg we would have been nearer to Washington or Philadelphia than Meade and could have forced him to attack us. If we had moved to the right of Cemetery Hill and taken position between it and Washington the results of Gettysburg would have been different. Less than a week after Von Moltke moved into the position I speak of, MacMahon was a prisoner and war between the two powers was virtually at an end.”

## AT MORNING.

'Tis peace of morning twilight;  
Before me lies a day,  
Begun a cloudless beauty  
Along a peaceful way.  
So fair a gift the Father  
Hath given unto me;  
So pure a gift, I tremble  
Lest it should sully be.

As past its rosy portals  
My feet may onward go  
What it shall bring ere nightfall  
I'm glad I do not know.  
If sorrow or if singing  
Shall speed or stay the hours;  
If frowns shall chill, or smiling  
Bring cheer like Maytime flowers.

What fierce and unwon battles  
My soul's all wage alone,  
If those I love the dearest  
At eventide be gone!  
If ere the sunset curtains  
With glory all the West,  
I hear the waited summons  
From out the land of rest,  
Or, if I yet shall linger  
In this dear world, so fair  
I ask not; but that peace like this  
May wait me here and there!

## A FAMOUS TEXAN DESPERADO.

Ben. Thompson's Adventures—One of the Contemporaries of John Wesley Hardin—A True History of Ruffians as Reckless as Any to be Found.

From the Philadelphia Press.

In Austin, the capital of Texas, lives a noted character who has probably killed as many men as John Wesley Hardin, whose career was sketched in these columns a few weeks ago, but he is a type of a different species of desperado. Ben Thompson is the keeper of the leading gambling saloon on Commerce street. Met here in Philadelphia he would be set down as a mild-mannered dry-goods clerk or possibly a young student of divinity. His hands are as white as those of a lady, and his drooping moustache, mild eyes and natty appearance are never associated in our mind with our idea of the Texan ruffian. Ben is of slight figure and of so little physical strength that his wife and diminutive boy in romping with him can throw him down and hold him, but when you come to the matter of pistols Ben is a phenomenon in his way. No man in Texas can draw quicker, and none is his superior in marksmanship. He considers himself certain to hit a man every time at a hundred yards and I wouldn't give him the opportunity to test the matter at that distance for any earthly inducement. Ben is English by birth and is thirty-seven years old. He came to this country when very small. His mother was killed by a runaway slave and Ben and his brother Bill developed a talent for shooting at a tender age. He once made an effort to enumerate all the shooting affairs in which he had been engaged, but was compelled to give it up. The most that he could do was to recall those that proved fatal.

“Ben once did me a good service,” said a school teacher, to me. “I went into a gambling saloon down at Palestine and everything was going along right and the hour was pretty late, when all at once one of the biggest bullies in Texas accused me of cheating. It was untrue, for I never cheated at cards. I am a highly moral man and an instructor of youth and when I gamble I do so on the square. I differed from the gentleman, but what did he do but just level his six-shooter at me and say he would give me precisely two minutes in which to ‘say my prayers.’ The period was altogether too short for me to compose my mind; I hadn't any weapon with me, and if I had he had the drop on me, so I made up my mind there was no help for me and that the time had come for me to go up higher; but some one just then said in a quiet voice: ‘I guess I wouldn't.’ The bully and myself looked around at the same instant and saw Ben Thompson, with his pistol pointed at my executioner. ‘Oh, he's a friend of yours, is he?’ said the latter, with which he shoved his pistol back in his pocket. I appreciate that sort of favor, as any man would, especially as I had never before spoken to Ben and he had not the honor of my acquaintance.”

Thompson, when only a boy, entered the confederate service, but soon quarrelled with a lieutenant, who struck him. Thompson instantly shot him dead. For this he was imprisoned in the guard house and fastened with a chain to the floor while awaiting court-martial. The confinement so infuriated him that he set fire to the guard house, taking the chances of burning to death, and escaped. Some time after he went to Mexico, where he served under Maximilian. He did more individual shooting on his own account than he did for the unfortunate Austrian. He occasionally went out to hunt up deserters. If they were disposed to argue the question with Captain Thompson, he usually brought matters to a full stop by punctuating the discussion with a ball from his pistol.

Up the Missouri at a small town, Bill Thompson, while under the influence of liquor, got into a difficulty, shot his man and defied the authorities. All the officers in the place were summoned to effect the arrest, and Bill took refuge in a grocery

store, where Ben went to his assistance. Each had a rifle, and, barricading the front, they shot down all who approached.

The sheriff, who was endeavoring to persuade Bill to give himself up, approached for the purpose of trying further argument, when Bill fired and struck the officer in the side. He spun round on his feet several times and fell dying to the ground, calling the name of his wife. The mistake was a dreadful one and Ben was angered. Turning to his brother, he told him, with considerable profanity, that he had shot his best friend and was too drunk to take care of himself.

This seige was maintained until late at night, when Ben stole out the rear of the store, brought up a horse, mounted his brother upon it and got safely away. Two years later Bill Thompson surrendered himself to the authorities, was tried and acquitted.

A short time after Ben was down at Laredo, on the Rio Grande, where he played until night, when trouble arose. The majority of the crowd were Mexicans and on the instant every one drew his pistol and the cheerful pop, pop was heard in every direction. The lights were extinguished, and in complete darkness the fusillade went on. It may be said that it was Thompson against the whole crowd, for nearly all of them were shooting at him. The very second the lights were out Ben darted to one of the deep windows in the adobe wall from which he fired at random. The bullets were hurtling all around, but none struck him. After awhile, when it became evident he could not keep concealed much longer, he leaped out the window swam the Rio Grande and got back home without a scratch.

One quiet, moonlight evening he was at his house in Austin, romping with his little boy, when Captain Rabb came running up, almost breathless, and asked Ben to defend him. The captain was slightly wounded and both thumbs were bleeding from the continued and furious cocking of his pistols. His story was that Lieutenant Coombs and a dozen cow-boys were in the streets and were hunting for him. Coombs had taken enough liquor to make a Jim Currie of him and he swore that the captain should never see the sun rise. They had exchanged shots, but when Rabb found the cow-boys were at the lieutenant's back and they were determined upon assassinating him, he fled to Thompson for help.

Ben's mother and wife begged him not to go, as the captain could remain at their house and would be safe. Ben, however, did not wait to put on hat or coat, but, catching up his revolver, said if he knew his own heart, and he thought he did, that was the kind of business that he liked, and the two started on a gentle run down the slope to the main street of Austin.

Lieutenant Coombs was on the rampage that night, as may be said. He had mounted his horse and was riding up and down the street, shouting for Captain Rabb, while the mounted cow-boys were howling at his back equally clamorous for a victim. Finding that the captain had vanished, the lieutenant then yelled for Ben Thompson, demanding that some one should bring him forth that the lieutenant might show the citizens how artistically he would end his existence.

“Show me Ben Thompson!” he called out, bringing his horse to a stand-still in the middle of the street. “I'll give a hundred dollars to the fellow who will trot out the coward; won't some one show me Ben Thompson?”

“Here he is.”

The answer came from a small man, bare-headed and in his shirt sleeves, who appeared at that moment on the pavement. Instantly the crowd saw what was coming and fell back. Ben advanced into the street.

“Are you Ben Thompson?” asked the horseman, looking contemptuously down upon him.

“That's my name; open the music.”

Lieutenant Coombs fired his pistol and the ball grazed the face of Ben, who instantly returned the shot and Coombs fell dead from his horse. Immediately another shot was fired, and the mustang upon which the lieutenant had been seated, reared wildly, plunged a few steps and fell dead. Thompson then wheeled toward the cow-boys who were coming up, and opened fire on them. He shot at random, but he struck one and instantly a wild panic took possession of them all. Turning about, they galloped at full speed down the street toward the open country, while Ben chased them a hundred yards or so, emptying his revolver and taunting and daring them to turn and give him battle.

This affray, which is strictly true, proves Thompson to be of great personal courage, for he never engaged in any fight where the odds were more against him and where he accomplished greater results. He has taken risks which would be madness with any one else.

“When a man is bent on fighting,” he says, “I reason with him and try to show him how foolish he is; but if there is no stopping him, why I let him fire first; that fixes me all right on the plea of self-defense.”

It has been Thompson's custom for years to follow this practice, which some day will prove fatal to him. On Christmas eve, three years ago, he went into a variety performance a short distance from his place. While proprietor, a large Irishman, was moving among the audience some one threw a handful of lamplack in his face. He accused a boy of it and was about to eject him, when Ben Thompson interfered. The quarrel became hot and Thompson slapped his face. The proprietor in a fury ran behind the bar at the other end of the room, and catching up a double-barreled gun, fired both charges point blank at Thompson, who was not a dozen yards distant. In accordance with that extraordinary rule of his, Thompson waited till the other had discharged the gun before he fired, and in accordance with that wonderful good fortune which has attended Thompson so far, some one struck the muzzle of the gun at the instant of shooting, so that the terrible lead tore its way through Thompson's coat at the waist, passing so close as slightly to graze the flesh. As a matter of course, Ben instantly returned the fire and the landlord was killed. While the fight was under way, the bartender had out a huge pistol, which he was, doing his utmost to discharge at Thompson, but at the critical moment it would not go off. Just as it was ready, the landlord fell and Ben turned the muzzle of the weapon towards the bartender, who instantly dropped behind the bar, but left the end of his long pistol sticking above the edge of the counter. Guided by that, Thompson fired at the point where he supposed the head was, and the bullet entered the upper jaw, rendering the poor fellow hors du combat on the instant.

Ben was tried for this and acquitted on his old plea of self-defense. “You see,” he says, with a laugh, “if I hadn't waited for him to fire first it would have gone hard with me.”

So it would, but if that friendly hand had not interfered with the aim of the proprietor it would have gone still harder with Thompson, who was threatened with lynching by the sons of Hibernia on account of the affair. Ben was in jail at the time, awaiting his trial, and he asked the keeper to furnish him with several rifles and revolvers and to allow John Wesley Hardin the same. Then he wouldn't want anything more agreeable than a struggle to the death with the one hundred Irishmen who threatened the attack. Thompson agreed, too, that as soon as the little business was settled he and Hardin would surrender their weapons and go back to their quarters. The offer was declined and the adieu was made.

It was supposed that Matthews, the bartender, who testified on the trial, could not live, as he was badly wounded in the head, but he was recovering, when he went to Brooklyn, from which point the report came back to Austin that he had caught cold in the wound and died. Last autumn, while in a conversation with the editor of the *Hot Springs Sentinel*, this matter came up. I mentioned the incident and said that it was supposed that Matthews was dead.

“I guess not,” said the editor with a laugh, “for I feel in pretty good condition. There's the scar made by Ben's bullet and I've got three bullets in my body, placed there by the mayor of Hot Springs.”

Ben's gambling saloon is directly beneath the composing rooms of the *Austin Statesman*. The printers keep the door open, for every now and then Ben amuses himself by shooting at the different objects about the apartment and there is no telling what he will set up as a target. The ice-cooler and the dice-box are both punctured by pistol-balls and he is fond of clipping locks from a man's head when he is at the game, just to see how quickly the crowd can get out of the place. As some of his stray shots are liable to go up through the thin ceiling among the printers of the *Austin Statesman*, the stranger walking along the street is frequently entertained by the curious sight of the men leaping pell-mell out of the windows or rushing down stairs until the fusillade is over. Thompson keeps the floor of the printing office so well perforated that the composing room of the *Austin Statesman* may be said to be one of the best ventilated in Texas.

The Irving house, at Long Branch, was destroyed by fire. Many guests lost all their effects. The hotel was partly insured.

## ST. PAUL BUSINESS CARDS.

WRAIG & LARKIN—Importers and dealers in Crockery, French China, Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods. Third street, St. Paul.

PERKINS & LYONS—Importers and dealers in Fine Wines and Liquors, Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, California Wines and Brandies, Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter. No. 31 Robert street, St. Paul.

## MINNEAPOLIS CARDS.

MERCHANTS HOTEL—Corner of Third street and First avenue North. \$2 per day, located in the very center of business, two blocks from the post office and suspension bridge. Street cars to all depots and all parts of the city pass within one block of the house. J. LAMONT, Prop.

## JOHN C. OSWALD,

Wholesale Dealer in

Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

17 Washington Ave., Minn.

**\$10** Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that anyone can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time at great profit. We do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address TOWN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

## LIVERY STABLE.

**OSTLAND'S**  
**Livery & Feed Stable,**  
Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.

Buggies and Saddle-Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.

My Buggies and Harness are new, and of the best manufacture and style, and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any given point can be accommodated at fair rates.

My stable is large and airy, and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country.

## CLOTHING.

**MATHES, GOOD & SCHURMEIER,**  
THE LARGEST

**TAILORING**

ESTABLISHMENT

In the Northwest.

Importers and Jobbers of

Fine Woolens & Trimmings,  
82 Jackson St.,

St. Paul, Minn.

**HELP** Yourself by making money when a golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain poor. We want to help you in your own locality. The business we offer is new, and the profits are large. We will pay more than ten times ordinary wages for work for us right in your own locality. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address BRINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.



# The Bismarck Tribune.

## WEATHER BULLETIN.

The following, reported specially for the TRIBUNE, shows the condition of the weather at the various points mentioned, at 9:25 last evening:

Station.	Temperature.	Direction of Wind.	Velocity of Wind.	State of the Weather.
Bismarck.	64	N	8	Fair.
St. Stevens.	61	N	3	Cloudy.
St. Buford.	60	NE	3	Clear.

Stevens, fell two inches.  
Buford, fell rose one inch.  
Mogon, river rose slightly.

C. CRAMER.  
Sergeant Signal Corps, U. S. A.

## LOCAL LEAVINGS.

Peterson, Veeder & Co.'s new prescription drug store, open day and night.

C. P. Hallett, dealer in Blueberries Brainerd, Minn.

Rev. Browne, of St. Paul, is preaching in the M. E. church to large congregations.

Den Howe & Co. are painting new scenery and otherwise beautifying the Arcade Garden.

Orders promptly filled for Blueberries, C. P. HALLETT, Brainerd, Minn.

The deeds are nearly ready for delivery to the purchasers of the two hundred or more town lots at Steele.

The Bismarck gun club are improving and will be in good shape for the match with the Mandan club on the 26th.

The Standard Mower is the best made. See it before you buy.

W. H. THURSTON & Co.

Preparations are being made for an excursion to Painted Woods or some other point up the river, by the Catholic church people.

D. W. Maratta is now wishing to die. He has seen the beautiful Curlew valley and the famous Eagle's Nest on the extension.

Fargo is to have a fair at which some of the attractions of the great Minneapolis Fair, which immediately precedes it, will be reproduced. Why not Bismarck?

The farmers of Bismarck and vicinity are requested to carefully save choice samples of grain of this season's growth for exhibition at the Minneapolis fair.

Blueberries shipped by express C. O. D. to all points of N. P. R. R. Parties unknown must send references.

C. P. HALLETT, Brainerd, Minn.

The increase of travel on the Dakota division of the North Pacific road is daily noticeable. Every train that arrives at Bismarck has more passengers than any of its predecessors.

At the glass ball shoot last evening, the scores were as follows: Falconer, 2; Bigelow, 11; Van Epps, 10; Wetherby, 6; Benicke, 10; Howe, 14; Bell, 12; Plants, 6; Schaffer, 0. The club shoots again at 6:30 this evening.

Geo. H. Thomas, a well-known resident of Burleigh county, was at the land office yesterday engaged in giving evidence and being cross-examined relative to his title to a pre-emption claim near the 17th siding. It will take several days to receive all the evidence and decide the case.

Fargo, being desirous of emulating the famous display made by Bismarck and Burleigh county at the Minneapolis fair last year will endeavor to follow her example by making this year a display of the products of the Red River Valley. A site for a building has been selected and a structure to cost \$300 will at once be erected.

Officer Waldron recently found a crazy man hanging about a barn in the outskirts of the city and at once took him in charge, and has since had him confined in the county jail. He refuses to give his name or any clue to his identity. As soon as he is formally pronounced insane he will be sent to the Territorial asylum at Yankton.

There was a special meeting of the City Council held yesterday afternoon for the purpose of appointing judges for the special election to be held Wednesday July 27th. No other business was transacted. Judges were named as follows: First ward—Geo. H. Fairchild, Vincent Wilhelm and John Whalen. Second ward—Arthur S. Brown, R. R. Marsh, M. Eppinger. Third ward—W. L. Watson, P. F. Malloy and Wm. Franklin.

J. W. Millet was in the city to-day and left at the TRIBUNE office specimens of white Russian wheat which was indeed excellent. He sowed last year one pound which yielded four bushels. This was sown this spring on six acres. The stalks run from twenty-five to thirty stalks each, many of them as high as fifty stalks from a single grain. The grain averages four feet in height and the heads are fully five inches in length. The heads are plump and full. The grasshoppers have nibbled the leaves but do not appear to have damaged the grain

any to speak of. The oats have been injured considerably. Mr. Millet thinks about three bushels to the acre. He has twenty acres of market garden which is uninjured and his corn stands waist high and promises to yield more than an average crop. The varieties of corn used is yellow dent and Campton's early. He speaks of the crops of his neighborhood and thinks none excepting the oats have been injured by grasshoppers.

## PURELY PERSONAL.

Mrs. G. A. Helmer, of Duluth, is at the Merchants.

Edward A. Stroud, of Reading, Pa., is at the Merchants.

Frederick Short, of Chicago, came in last evening from the east.

J. W. Seaman, of Quincy, Ill., arrived from the east last evening.

Mr. Maloney, a lawyer of considerable ability, who recently arrived from the east, has gone into business with John Stoyall.

T. C. Power, the king of steamboat proprietors, is in the city, and registered at from Montana. That is covering a good deal of ground, but for that very thing Mr. Power is noted. Nothing less than an entire territory will contain his enterprise. He represents business enough to constitute several states.

W. F. Steele made his first visit to Bismarck yesterday since becoming a bridegroom, and it took him several hours to receive the congratulations of his numerous friends. There are none more deserving of happiness and prosperity than he. He reports the sale of over \$4,000 of lots in his new townsite, and will commence work on the new elevator to-day.

## The Right Kind of Talk.

A member of the Villard party writes to a gentleman in New York of his trip, to Bismarck, and uses the following language:

For 350 miles east from Bismarck the soil is the best I ever saw, and there is none better, and the rapidity of settlement is wonderful. The quantity of land plowed for the first time this year is immense. It extends back twenty miles from the railroad, and it is not uncommon to see 1,000 emigrants distributed along the line in one day. Many of them live in tents until houses can be erected. The sanguine statements of the projectors of the North Pacific enterprise are borne by the side of the actual facts. Every acre of wheat sown brings a revenue of \$3 a year to the railroad on wheat alone. This is without reference to the transportation of the materials consumed by the people. This fact, in connection with rapid settlement of the country, will soon give an enormous income. The Union and Central Pacific are earning about \$45,000,000 per annum, and paying about 6 per cent. on \$100,000,000. One hundred miles of the Dakota division of the North Pacific has more good wheat land than the Union and Central Pacific have between Omaha and San Francisco. The local traffic in this region will soon be of immense proportions, and it seems to me that holders of North Pacific securities have as big a bargain as had the owners of the Oregon Navigation company. The reasons that made Chicago & Northwestern so valuable are operating on the North Pacific with greater rapidity. You may think I am too enthusiastic. All I have to say is come and see for yourself. Seeing is believing.

## Distinguished Visitors.

The excursion car No. 99 of the North Pacific road, was attached to last evening's train, and contained a distinguished party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. ex-Vice-President Schuyler Colfax, Mr. and Mrs. Col. N. N. Tyner, of Fargo, and Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Haughey, of Indianapolis. Mr. Colfax was tendered a reception in behalf of the Odd Fellows of Fargo night before last, and upon arriving at Bismarck was enthusiastic upon the subject of the evidences of development and improvement that he everywhere saw, and at between the two metropolitan cities at either end of the Dakota division. During the evening Mr. Colfax and party informally met several of the citizens of Bismarck, and the genial ex-Vice President took occasion to review the most-quoted and other incidents of former trips and to publicly give renewed assurance of the faith of a grand future prosperity for North Dakota, which faith has constantly abided with him since his first visit to Bismarck more than ten years ago. The party leaves this morning for Mandan, Glendive and the end of the track, and will return to Bismarck Saturday evening.

## Verdict in the Livingston Case

The body of William S. Livingston, recently shot by E. G. Paddock, at the Cantonment Little Missouri, was buried yesterday. The following special telegram, giving the verdict of the jury, was received by the TRIBUNE too late for publication yesterday morning.

CANTONMENT, July 18.—We, the under-

signed, after due deliberation, find that the deceased, William S. Livingston, came to his death by a gun wound at the hands of E. G. Paddock. We further agree from the nature of the evidence given that E. G. Paddock acted in self defense and hold him justified in the shooting.

N. C. MINER,

Foreman of Jury

Mart Burshall, George Goldstein, Frank Sullivan, Isaac Franklinfield, Charles Brown.

## Arrival of the Butte.

The steamer Butte, of the Benton P. Line, arrived at the levee at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, having had a quick, pleasant and profitable trip from Benton. Mr. A. M. Johnson, master, and J. A. Hayes, clerk, did all in their power to make the trip a pleasant one for the large number of passengers, of which the following persons were ticketed to Bismarck:

Mr. C. Medges and wife, Theo. Shenkenberg, Mrs. J. B. Clifton, C. B. Gibson, S. T. Cameron, A. E. Grissell, G. W. Hale, H. C. Smith, N. Hall, William Kelley, H. C. Williams, Fred Neupert, Mrs. Morris Goodman and family, Adam Shide, Isaac Miller, Miss Josie Power, Miss Maggie Carroll, Miss Sallie Tuttle, Miss C. L. McAfee, J. Kauffman, G. L. Ginder, J. C. Robbins, S. W. Shepherd, E. J. Malbone, William Lippman, John Murphy, Dr. R. J. Hill, Mrs. W. B. Shaw, Mrs. J. S. Winston, Mrs. W. S. Wetzel.

Following is a brief extract from the "log" of the Butte: July 13, str. Butte left Fort Benton at 4 p. m.; met str. Nellie Peck at Shonkey at 4:30 p. m.; July 14, met str. Benton at Dauphin's Rapids 10 a. m.; July 15, met str. Josephine at Fort Peck 4 p. m.; str. Red Cloud at Galpin 5 p. m.; str. Gen. Sherman at Porcupine 6 p. m.; July 16, met str. Far West at Poplar River 12 m.; July 17, met str. C. K. Peck at Cut Off 10:30 a. m.; str. Big Horn below Cut Off 11:30 a. m.; str. Eclipse at Grinnells 1 p. m.; str. Helena at Tide Creek 4 p. m.; July 18, met str. Dacotah at Merrills 9 a. m.

Among the principal items of freight for Chicago, New York Minneapolis, Detroit, St. Paul and Prairie du Chien firms, were the following items: 5 bales skins, 1 bale skins, 110 bags wool, 133 beef hides, 4 bales skins, 25 sacks wool, 20 bales robes, 16 pkgs H H goods, 1 box, 54 bales sheep pelts, 1 box, 2 bales robes, 1 Indian bow and 1 pkg buffalo tongue.

## List of Letters

Remaining in the Postoffice at Bismarck, D. T., July 16, 1881, and if not called for in 30 days will be sent to the Dead Letter office, Washington, D. C.

Baker Mrs. Ellen  
Baker Majr A D  
Baker Mrs. Nellie  
Beyd W D  
Brown Wm  
Chamberlain Isaac  
Fuller Mrs Emma  
Fisher Mollie  
Force Mrs M E  
Griffith Delvin  
Ganz Edward  
Goutz Geo W  
Honn Joseph  
Hymers T M  
Higgins Katie  
Johns Dood  
Jewett J H  
Kearney John M  
Lomis Ira S  
Luck John  
Lyda Mary 3

Persons calling for the above letters will please say "advertised"

C. A. LOUNSBERRY, P. M.

Vermilion is building up very fast, and was never so wide-awake as now.

**In the Whole History of Medicine**  
No preparation has ever performed such marvelous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation as **AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL**, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering, and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in the throat and lung disorders of children, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and effects, Physicians use the **CHERRY PECTORAL** extensively in their practice, and clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible. For sale by all dealers.

## How to Secure Health.

It seems strange that anyone will suffer from the many drangements brought on by an impure condition of the blood, when SCOVILL'S SERRAPILULA AND STILLINGIA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP will restore perfect health to the physical organization. It is indeed a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and has proven itself to be the best Blood Purifier ever discovered, effectually curing Scrofula, Syphilis, Disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, all Nervous Disorders, and all other ailments and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the blood, liver, kidneys, stomach, skin, etc. It corrects indigestion. A single bottle will prove to you its merits as a health renewer, for it acts like a charm, especially when the complaint is of an exanthematic nature, having a tendency to loosen the natural vigor of the brain and nervous system.

## HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, burns and all kinds of skin eruptions, freckles and pimples. The salve is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case or money refunded. Be sure you get Henry's Carbolic Salve, as all others are but imitations. Price 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Hylow

Are you low-spirited, "down-in-the-mouth," and weak in the back? Does walking, lifting or standing upon the "small of the back" give you pain? Have you kidney disease, and Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad will cure you rapidly and permanently without giving your stomach any harassing inquiries.

## LAND NOTICES.

### Notice of Final Proof.

LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., July 1st 1881.  
Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof on the 5th day of August, 1881, at 10 o'clock a. m., viz:  
**James H. Michener.**  
D. S. No. 385, for the S. E. 1/4 and Lot 3 of the N. W. 1/4 and the E. 1/4 of Sec. 4 T. 133 N. Range 73 W. and names the following as his witnesses, viz: S. E. Kepler, J. D. Thompson, E. J. Raymond, L. C. Rhoads, all of Dawson. Kidder Co. D. T. The testimony will be taken before the Register and Receiver at Bismarck, on the 5th day of August, A. D. 1881 at his office.  
John A. Rea, Register.  
6-10

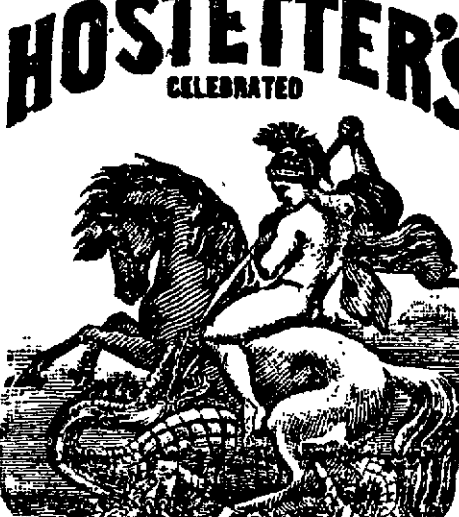
**Notice of Contest—Timber Culture.**  
U. S. LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., July 2d, 1881.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Henry I. Wright against Ferdinand Kramer for failure to comply with law as to timber culture entry No 60, dated June 15th, 1878, upon the south east quarter of section eight, township 133, range 73, in Kidder county, Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; contestant alleging that Ferdinand Kramer has failed to break or cause to be broken ten acres on two said tract, and has failed to plant or set out any trees whatever since taking the same. The said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 14th day of September, 1881, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure.  
John A. Rea, Register.  
E. M. Brown, Receiver.

**Madame Leveux's Luxuria**  
Restores and enlarges the female bust. The only warranted remedy in the market. Every lady is invited to send address for circular sent free. **Miller & Co.,** 170 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio. 33m3


**THE WHITE IS KING**  
ON the great question of the cure of the skin, the White is King. It is the only remedy that will cure the skin of all diseases, and it is the only remedy that will cure the skin of all diseases, and it is the only remedy that will cure the skin of all diseases. **WARRANTED**  
2 FOR FIVE YEARS.  
A cure of the skin of all diseases, and it is the only remedy that will cure the skin of all diseases, and it is the only remedy that will cure the skin of all diseases.

**PILES ANAKESIS**  
DR. S. SILSBEE'S EXTERNAL PILE REMEDY  
Gives instant relief, and is an infallible CURE FOR ALL KINDS OF PILES. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price, \$1.00 per box, prepaid, by mail. Samples sent free to Physicians and all sufferers, by **Neustadter & Co.,** Box 3946, New York City. Sole manufacturers of ANAKESIS 50y1

**HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED**  
  
**STOMACH BITTERS**

**Feeble and Sickly Persons**  
Recover their vitality by pursuing a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most popular invigorant and alterative medicine in use. General debility, fever and ague, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism, and other maladies are completely removed by it. Ask those who have used it what it has done for them.  
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

**THE CONTRAST!**  
While other Baking Powders are largely ADULTERATED with ALUM and other hurtful drugs,

**DR. PRICE'S CREAM'S BAKING POWDER**  
  
A PURE FRUIT ACID BAKING POWDER. NEVER SOLD IN BULK.  
Made by **STEELE & PRICE,**  
Manufacturers of Lupulin Yeast Gems, Special Baking Extracts, etc., Chicago and St. Louis.

has been kept UNCHANGED in all of its original purity and wholesomeness. The best evidence of ITS SAFETY, HEALTHFULNESS, PURITY, and EFFECTIVENESS, is THE FACT of its being used to-day, from North to South, from East to West, in the homes of the rich and poor, where it has been used for the last 15 years.

**A PURE FRUIT ACID BAKING POWDER.**  
NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

Manufactured by **STEELE & PRICE,**  
Manufacturers of Lupulin Yeast Gems, Special Baking Extracts, etc., Chicago and St. Louis.

## LEGAL.

### Probate Notice.

Territory of Dakota, County of Burleigh, ss. In Probate Court, Special Term, July 1st, 1881.  
In the matter of the estate of Julia B. Sheldon deceased.  
The petition of John E. Sheldon having been filed in this court on the 23d day of June, 1881, representing among other things, that Julia B. Sheldon, who last dwelt in the county of Burleigh, D. T. died intestate on the 4th day of February, 1881, leaving property to be administered upon, of the value of seven hundred dollars, and praying that said petitioner may be appointed administrator of said estate.  
It is ordered that said petition be heard by the judge of this court on Monday, the 18th day of July, 1881, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the probate office in said county.  
And it is further ordered that notice thereof be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in the Bismarck Weekly Tribune, a newspaper printed and published at Bismarck, in said county, for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing.  
Seal.  
EMER N. CORRY,  
Judge of Probate.

Dated, June 23, 1881.  
John E. Carlson,  
Attorney for petitioner.

**\$500 REWARD.**  
OVER A MILLION OF  
**Prof. Guilmette's FRENCH Kidney Pads**  
have already been sold in this country and in France; every one of which has given perfect satisfaction, and has performed cures even time when used according to directions.

We now say to the afflicted and doubting ones that we will pay the above reward for a single cure.

**LAME BACK**  
That the Pad failed to cure. The Great Remedy will positively and permanently cure Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and retention of the Urine, Inflammation of the Kidney, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Stiffness of the Neck, Weakness, and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs whether contracted by private diseases or otherwise.

**LADIES.** If you are suffering from Female Weakness, Leucorrhoea, or any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs, **YOU CAN BE CURED!** Without swallowing nauseous medicines, by simply wearing

**PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD.**  
Which cures by Absorption.

Ask your druggist for Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad, and take no other. If he has not got it, send \$2 and you will receive the Pad by return mail.

**TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PEOPLE.**  
Judge Buchanan, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says: "One of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads cured me of Lumbago in three week's time. My case had been given up by the best doctors as incurable. During all this time I suffered untold agony and paid out large sums of money."  
George Vetter, a T. Toledo, O., says: "I suffered for three years with Sciatica and Kidney Disease, and often had to go about on crutches. I was entirely and permanently cured after wearing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad four weeks."

Squire N. G. Scott, Nylanta, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer for 15 years with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. For weeks at a time was unable to get out of bed; took barrels of medicine, but they gave me only temporary relief. I wore two of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads six weeks, and now I know I am entirely cured."

Mrs. Helen Jerome, Toledo, O., says: "For years I have been confined, a great part of the time, to my bed with Leucorrhoea and female weakness. I wore one of Guilmette's Kidney Pads and was cured in one month."

H. B. Orter, who has recovered from Lumbago and in the process of recovering from Sciatica, writes: "I was permanently cured by wearing one of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads."

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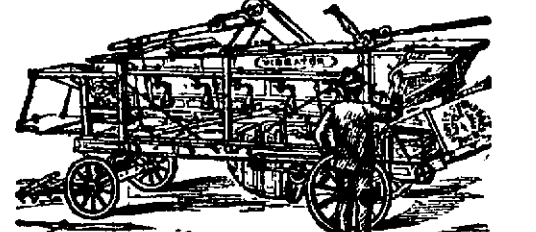
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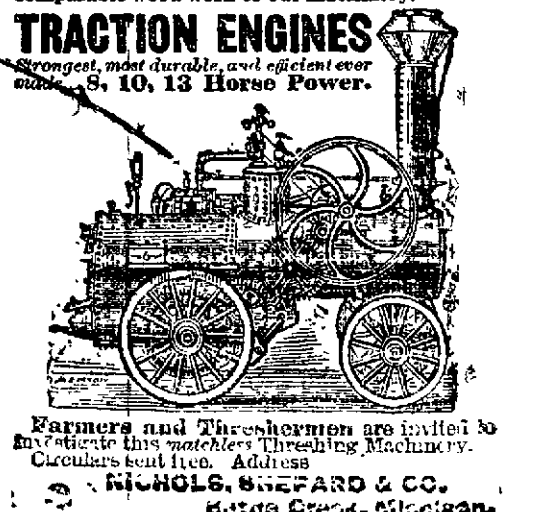
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